The Saturday Evening Post

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A WELCOME TO SUMMER.

The Summer has come! oh, the Summer has come!
The roses are blooming, the honey-bees hum;
I hear the birds sing,
And I see a bright wing
Flash down by my window where trumpet vines cling;
I see the bird sipping the bright dew which fell
Last night in the cup of each scarlet-hued bell.
He gives me a glance of his saucy black eye,
As if he would ask, "Don't you wish you could fly?"

The Summer is here! oh, the Summer is here!
Full-freighted with beauty, the Queen of the year.
And all her gay band
With bountiful hand
Fling flowers and foliage over the land.
The knobby old orchard's a forest of bloom;
Its perfume comes wafting and fills all the room.
And the crooked, brown apple-boughs joyously sway
Broad arms of welcome, embracing the day.

The meadows are shining with jewels and gems—
Quivering blossoms on tremulous stems.
The bright cups swing,
And the tiny bells ring,
Welcome to Summer in everything!
Welcome her, welcome her, flowers and trees!
Welcome her, welcome her, streamlet and breeze!
Warble, ye woodland birds—honey-bees, hum!
Summer is here at last—Summer has come!

THE WHITE SQUAW.

A Tale of Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &c.

"LEAN ON ME, MY CANOE IS CLOSE BY."

CHAPTER I.

A DEADLY INTRODUCTION.

The last golden gleams of the setting sun sparkled across the translucent waters of Tampa Bay. This fading light fell upon shores fringed with groves of oak and magnolia, whose evergreen leaves became gradually darkened by the purple twilight.

A profound silence, broken by the occasional notes of a tree-frog, or the flapping of the nighthawk's wings, was but the prelude to that wonderful concert of animated nature heard only in the tropical forest.

A few moments, and the golden lines of trembling light had disappeared, while darkness almost palpable overshadowed the scene.

Then broke forth in full chorus the nocturnal voices of the forest.

The mocking bird, the whip-poor-will, the bittern, the bell-frog, grasshoppers, wolves, and alligators, all joined in the harmony incidents to the hour of night, causing a din startling to the ear of a stranger.

Now and then would occur an interval of silence, which rendered the renewal of the voices all the more observable.

During one of these pauses a cry might have been heard differing from all the other sounds.

It was the voice of a human being, and there was one who heard it.

Making his way through the woods was a young man, dressed in half-hunter costume, and carrying a rifle in his hand. The cry had caused him to stop suddenly in his tracks.

After glancing cautiously around, as if endeavoring to pierce the thick darkness, he again advanced, again came to a stop, and remained listening. Once more came that cry, in which accents of anger were strangely commingled with tones appealing for help.

This time the sound indicated the direction, and the listener's resolution was at once taken.

Thrusting aside the undergrowth, and trampling under foot the tall grass, he struck into a narrow path running parallel to the shore, and which led in the direction whence the cry appeared to have come.

Though it was now quite dark, he seemed easily to get over impediments, which even in broad daylight would have been difficult to pass.

The darkness appeared no barrier to his speed, and neither the hanging branches, nor the wild vine roots stayed his progress.

About a hundred paces further on, the path widened into a road that led to an opening, sloping gradually down to the beach.

On reaching its edge, he paused once more to listen for a renewal of the sound.

Nothing save the familiar noises of the night greeted his ear.

After a short pause, he kept on for the water's edge, with head well forward and eyes strained to penetrate the gloom.

At that moment the moon shot out from behind a heavy bank of clouds, and, with a brilliant beam, disclosed to his eager gaze a tableau of terrible interest.

Down by the water's edge lay the body of an Indian youth, motionless, and to all appearance dead; while stooping over it was another youth, also an Indian. He appeared to be examining the body.

For some seconds there was no change in his attitude. Then all at once he raised himself erect, and with a tomahawk that flashed in the moonlight above his head, appeared in the act of dealing a blow.

The hatchet descended; but not upon the body that lay prostrate.

A sharp report ringing on the air for an instant silenced all other sounds. The would-be assassin sprang up almost simultaneously, and two corpses instead of one lay along the earth.

So thought he who had fired the shot, and who was the young man already described. He stayed not to speculate, but rushed forward to the spot where the two Indians lay. He had recognized them both. The one upon the ground was Nelatu, the son Oluski, a distinguished Seminole chief. The other was Red Wolf, a wellgrown youth belonging to the same tribe.

Only glancing at the would-be assassin to see that he was dead, he bent over the body of Nelatu, placed his hand upon the region of his heart, at the same time anxiously scanning his features.

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of surprise. Beneath is fingers a weak pulsation gave signs of life. Nelatu might yet be saved.

Pulling off his hat, he ran down to the beach, filled it with water, and, returning, sprinkled the forehead of the young Indian.

Then taking a flask containing brandy from his pouch, he poured a portion of its contents down the throat of the unconscious youth.

These kindly offices he repeated several times, and was finally rewarded for his pains. The blood slowly mantled Nelatu's cheek; a shivering ran through his frame; and with a deep sigh, he gazed dreamily upon his preserver, at the same time faintly murmured "Warren."

"Yes, Warren! Speak, Nelatu! What is the meaning of this?"

The Indian had only the strength to mutter the words "Red Wolf," at the same time raising his hand to his side with apparent difficulty.

The gesture made his meaning clear. Warren's gaze rested upon a deep wound from which the blood was still welling.

By the tremulous movement of his lips, Warren saw that he was endeavoring to speak again. But no sound came from them. His eyes gradually became closed. He had once more fainted.

Warren instantly flung off his coat, tore one of the sleeves from his shirt, and commenced stanching the blood.

After a time it ceased to flow, and then tearing off the second sleeve, with his braces knotted together, he bound up the wound.

The wounded youth slowly recovered consciousness, and looking gratefully up into his face pressed the hand of his deliverer.

"Nelatu owes Warren life. He will some day show his gratitude."

"Don't think of that now. Tell me what has happened? I heard your cry, and hastened to your assistance."

"No Nelatu's cry," responded the Indian, with a faint blush of pride suffusing his face. "Nelatu is the son of a chief. He knows how to die without showing himself a woman. It was Red Wolf who cried out."

"Red Wolf!"

"Yes. Red wolf is a coward—a squaw; 'twas he who cried out."

"He will never cry out again. Look there!" said Warren, pointing to the lifeless corpse that lay near.

Nelatu had not yet seen it. Unconscious of what had transpired, he believed that Red Wolf, supposing him dead, had gone away from the spot.

Warren explained.

Still more gratefully did the Indian youth gaze upon the face of his preserver.

"You had an encounter with Red Wolf? I can see that of course; it was he who gave you this wound?"

"Yes, but I had first defeated him. I had him on the ground in my power. I could have taken his life. It was then, that like a coward, he called for help."

"And after?"

"I pitied and let him rise. I expected him to leave me, and go back to the village. He feared that I might speak of his defeat to our tribe, and for this he determined that my tongue should be for ever silent. I was not thinking of it when he thrust me from behind. You know the rest.

"And why the quarrel?"

"He spoke wicked words of my sister, Sansuta."

"Sansuta!" exclaimed Warren, a strange smile overshadowing his features.

"Yes; and of you."

"The dog; then he doubly deserved death. And from *me!*" he added, in a tone not loud enough for Nelatu to hear, "what a lucky chance."

As he said this he spurned the body with his foot.

Then turning to the Indian he asked—

"Do you think you could walk a little, Nelatu?"

The brandy had by this time produced an effect. Its potent spirit supplied the loss of blood, and Nelatu felt his strength returning to him.

"I will try," said the wounded youth. "Nelatu's hour has not yet come. He must not die till he has paid his debt to Warren."

"Then lean on me. My canoe is close by. Once in it you can rest at your ease."

Nelatu nodded consent.

Warren assisted him to rise, and, half carrying, half supporting, conducted him to the canoe.

Carefully helping him aboard he shoved the craft from the shore, and turned its prow in the direction of the white settlement.

The moon, that had become again obscured, once more burst through the black clouds, lighting up the fronds of the feathery palms that flung their shadows far over the pellucid waves.

The concert of the nocturnal forest, for a time stayed by the report of the rifle, burst out anew as the boat glided silently out of sight.

CHAPTER II.

THE SETTLEMENT.

The site of the settlement to which the canoe was being directed merits description.

It was upon the northern shore of Tampa Bay.

The soil that had been cleared was rich in crops of cotton, indigo, sugar, with oranges and the ordinary staples of food.

Through the cultivated lands, mapped out like a painter's palette, ran a crystal stream, from which the rice fields were watered by intersecting rivulets, looking like silver threads in a tissue.

Orange groves margined its course, running sinuously through the settlement.

In places it was lost to sight, only to reappear with some new feature of beauty.

Here and there it exhibited cascades and slight waterfalls that danced in the sun-light, sending up showers of prismatic spray.

There were islets upon which grew reeds, sedges and canes, surmounted by groups of caricas, and laurel-magnolias, the exogenous trees overtopped by the tall, feathery palm.

In its waters wild fowl disported themselves, scattering showers of luminous spray as they flapped their wings in delight.

Birds of rare plumage darted hither and thither along its banks, enlivening the groves with their jocund notes.

Far beyond, the swamp forest formed a dark, dreary back-ground, which, by contrast, enhanced the cheerfulness of the scene.

Looking seaward, the prospect was no less resplendent of beauty.

The water, dashing and fretting against the rocky quays, glanced back to mist and foam.

Snow-white gulls hurried along the horizon, their wings cutting sharply against an azure sky, while along the silvery beach, tall, blue herons, brown cranes, and scarlet flamingoes, stood in rows, their forms reflected in the pellucid element.

Such were the surroundings of the settlement on Tampa Bay.

The village itself nestled beneath the hills already mentioned, and compriscd a church, some half-dozen stores, with a number of substantial dwellings, whilst a rude wharf, and several schooners, moored near by, gave tokens of intercourse with other places.

It was a morning in May, in Florida, the sweetest month of the year.

Borne upon the balmy atmosphere was the hum of bees and the melody of birds, mingled with the voices of young girls and men enguged in the labor of their farms and fields.

The lowing of cattle could be heard in the distant grazing grounds, while the tillers of the soil were seen at work upon their respective plantations.

There was one who looked upon this cheerful scene without seeming to partake of its cheerfulness.

Standing upon the top of the hill was a man of tall, gaunt figure, with a face somewhat austere in its expression.

His strongly lined features, with a firm expression about the mouth, marked him for a man of no common mould.

He appeared to be about sixty.

As his keen, gray eyes wandered over the fields below, there was a cold, determined light in them which betrayed no pleasant train of thought.

It spoke of covetous ambition.

Behind him, upon the hill-top, of table shape, were poles standing up out of the earth. Around them the sward was trampled, and the scorched grass, worn in many directions into paths, signified that at no distant period the place had been inhabited.

The sign could not be mistaken; it was the site of an Indian encampment.

Elias Rody, as he turned from gazing on the panoramic view beneath, cast a glance of strange significance at these vestiges of the red man's habitation.

His features assumed a sharper cast, while a cloud came over his face.

"But for them," he muttered, "my wishes would be accomplished, my desires fulfilled."

What were his wishes? What his desires?

Ask the covetous man such a question, and, if he answered truly, his answer would tell a tale of selfish aspirations. He would envy youth its brightness, old age its wisdom, virtue its content, love its joys, aye, even Heaven itself its rewards. and yet, in the narrow bigotry of egotism, think he only claimed his own.

Elias Rody was a covetous man, and such were the thoughts at that moment in his mind.

They were too bitter for silence, and vented themselves in words, which the winds alone listened to.

"Why should these redskins possess what I so deeply long for; and only for their short temporary enjoyment? I would be fair with them; but they wrap themselves up in their selfish obstinacy, and scorn my offers."

How selfish others appear to a selfish man!

"Why should they continue to restrain me? If gold is worth anything, surely it should repay them for what can be only a mere fancy. I shall try Oluski once again, and if he refuse—"

Here the speaker paused.

For some time he stood in contemplation, his eye roving over the distant view.

As it again lighted upon the settlement a smile, not a pleasant one, curled his lip.

"Well, there is time yet," said he, as if concluding an argument with himself. "I will once more try the golden bribe. I will use caution; but here will I build my house, come what may."

This natural conclusion, to an egotistic mind, appeared satisfactory.

It seemed to soothe him, for he strode down the hill with a springy, elastic step, more like that of a young man than one over whose head had passed sixty eventful years.

CHAPTER III.

ELIAS RODY.

Whilst Elias Rody is pondering upon his scheme, let us tell the reader who he is.

A Georgian, who began life without any fixed idea.

His father, a wealthy merchant of Savannah, had brought him up to do nothing; and, until he had attained man's estate, he faithfully carried out his father's teaching.

Like many lads born to competence, he could not appreciate the dignity of labor, and accordingly loitered through his youthful life, wasting both time and patrimony before discovering that idleness is a curse.

At his father's death, which happened upon Elias reaching his twentieth year, all the worthy merchant's property descended to the son, and the idler suddenly found himself the possessor of a large sum of money with a sort of feeling that something was to be done with it.

He accordingly spent it.

Spent it recklessly, freely and rapidly, and then discovered that what he *had* done was not the thing he *should* have done.

He then became reformed.

Which meant, that from a liberal, open-handed careless fellow, he changed to a cynical, cautious man.

With a small remnant of his fortune, and an inheritance from a distant relative, Elias became a man of the world, or rather, a worldly man.

In other words, he began life for a second time, and on an equally wrong basis.

Before his eyes were two classes of his equals. Reckless men with large hearts, and careful men with no hearts at all, for such was the organization of the society surrounding him.

Of the first class he had full experience; of the second he had none whatever.

To the latter he resolved to attach himself.

It is useless wondering why this should have been. Perhaps he had never been fitted for the community of large-hearted men, and had only mixed with them through novelty, or ignorance of his own station.

Be this as it may, one thing is certain, he became before long a most exemplary member of the society he had selected for imitation. No one drove a closer bargain, saw an advantage (to himself), or could lay surer plans for securing it, than Elias Rody.

He learned, also, to control, and in every way wield influence over those around him. Power became his dream. He was ambitious of governing men.

Strange to say, this feeling was almost fatal to his prospects. We say strange, because ambition generally carves its own road, and moulds its own fortune.

Rody, however, had commenced an active career too late to arrive at much importance in the political world—that grand arena for attaining distinction.

He therefore cast about him for another field of ambitious strife, and speedily found it.

At this time throughout the state of Georgia were many planters, who, without capital to purchase additional property, found themselves daily growing poorer as

their land became worn out with exhausting crops.

These men were naturally enough the grumblers and discontented spirits of the community.

Another class were those with little save a restless disposition, ever ready for any venture that may arise.

Rody, shrewd and plausible, saw in these men the very instruments for a purpose he had long thought of, and had well matured.

"If I cannot attain the object of my wishes here," said he, to himself, "perhaps I may be successful elsewhere, if I can only persuade others to join me. These are men ready to my hand; I will take them with me, they shall be my followers; and whilst contributing their means to my end, they will look upon me as a benefactor."

Rody, it will be seen, was a thorough egotist.

This idea becoming fixed in his mind, the rest was easy. He spoke to them of their present condition; drew a brilliant picture of what might be achieved in a new land; painted with masterly eloquence the increase of wealth and happiness his plan presented, and finally gathered around him a large number of families, with whom he started from Georgia, and settled in that section of Florida we have described.

The reason for Rody's selection of this spot was another proof of his profound selfishness.

In his reckless, generous days, he had, on the occasion of a visit to Columbus, been the means of saving from insult and outrage a Seminole chief, who had visited the capital upon some business connected with the state government.

This act of generosity had been impulsive; but, to the Indian, it assumed the proportion of a life-long debt.

In the fulness of his gratitude, the chief caused papers and titles to be drawn up in Rody's favor, giving a grant of a portion of his own property lying on the shores of Tampa Bay.

The Indian chief was named Oluski.

The grant of land was the settlement we have spoken of.

Rody, at the time, made light of Oluski's gratitude, and thrust the titles into his desk without bestowing a second thought on the matter.

Now, in his days of worldly wisdom, these papers with the Seminole's emblematic signature, were brought to light with a very different appreciation.

He saw that they represented value.

Elias Rody accordingly determined to make use of them.

It ended in his carrying a colony southward, and settling upon Tampa Bay.

The scheme which had originated in selfishness turned out a success.

The lands were valuable, the climate salubrious, and the colony thrived.

A bad man may sometimes do a good thing without intending it.

Rody received even more credit and renown than he had expected; and, being a shrewd man, he achieved a part of his ambition.

He was looked up to as the most important personage in the community.

Although some of the settlers did not approve of all his measures, still, their opposition was rather negative than positive, and had, as yet, found vent only in remonstrances or grumbling.

None had dared to question his prerogative, although he often rode a high horse, and uttered his diction in a tone offensively arrogant.

What more, then, did Elias Rody want?

A covetous man always wants more. Oluski's gift was a noble one. It covered a large area of fertile land, with water privileges, and a harbor for trade. It was the choicest portion of his possessions. The chief, in bestowing it, gave as a generous man gives to a friend. He gave the best he had.

Unfortunately the best he had did not embrace the hill; and, therefore, Rody was unsatisfied.

More than once during the progress of the settlement, he had cast a wishful eye upon the spot, as the choicest site in the whole district for a dwelling.

As his means expanded so had his tastes, and a grand dwelling became the great desire of his life.

It must, perforce, be built upon the hill.

To every offer made to Oluski for a cession of this spot, the chief had firmly and steadfastly given a refusal. He, too, had his ambition; which, although not so selfish as the white man's, was not a whit less cherished.

For nine months in the year Oluski and his tribe dwelt in a distant Indian town, and only visited the waters of Tampa Bay for the remaining three, and then only for purposes of pleasure. The wigwams of himself and people were but temporarily erected upon the hill. For all this they had an attachment for the spot; in short, they loved it.

This was what Elias Rody stigmatised as a mere fancy!

There was another reason held in similar estimation by Elias. In the rear of their annual encampment was an Indian cemetery. The bones of Oluski's ancestors reposed therein. Was it strange the spot should be dear to him?

So dear was it, in fact, that to every proposal made by Rody for the purchase of the hill, Oluski only shook his head, and answered "No."

CHAPTER IV.

CRIS CARROL.

Nelatu recovered from his wounds.

Warren had conducted him to a hut, the temporary residence of a man of the name of Cris Carrol.

This individual was a thorough specimen of a backwood's hunter.

He was rough in manner, but in disposition gentle as a child.

He detested the formalities and restrictions of civilization.

Even a new settlement had an oppressive air to him, which he could not endure.

It was only the necessity of disposing of his peltries and laying in a stock of ammunition that brought him into any spot where his fellow creatures were to be found.

To Cris Carrol the sombre forest, the lonely savannah, or the trackless swamp, were the congenial homes, and bitterly he adjured the compulsory sojourn of a few days every year amongst those to whom society is a pleasure.

It was always a joyful day to him when he could shoulder his rifle, sling his game bag over his shoulder, and start anew upon his lonely explorations.

When Warren brought the wounded Indian to Carrol's rude hut, the old backwoodsman accepted the responsibility, and set himself to the task of healing his wounds with alacrity.

Nelatu was known to him, and he was always disposed to be a friend to the red man.

"No, of course not," said he to Warren, in answer to his explanation; "I don't see as how you could take the redskin up to the governor's house. Old dad wouldn't say no, but he'd look mighty like wishin' to. No, Warren, lad, you've done the right thing this time, and no mistake, and that there's sayin' more nor I would always say. Leave the boy to me. Bless you, he'll be all right in a day or two, thanks to a good constitution, along of living like a nat'ral being, and not like one of them city fellows as must try and make 'emselves unhealthy by sleepin' in beds, and keeping warm by sittin' aside of stoves, as if dried leaves and dried sticks warn't enough for 'em."

Carrol's skill as a physician was little short of marvellous.

He compounded and prepared medicines according to unwritten prescriptions, and used the oddest materials; not alone herbs and roots, but earths and clays were laid under contribution.

A few days of this forest doctoring worked wonders in Nelatu, and before a week was over he was able to sit at the back door of the hunter's dwelling, basking himself in the sun.

Carrol, who had been in a fever of anxiety greater even than his patient, was in high glee at this.

After giving the Indian youth a preparation to allay his thirst, he was on the point of packing up his traps to start upon one of his expeditions, when he saw an individual approaching his cabin from the front.

Thinking it was Warren Rody, he called out to him that Nelatu was all right.

He was somewhat surprised to perceive that instead of Warren, it was his father.

"Good morning, neighbor," said Elias.

"Mornin', governor."

"How is your Indian patient?" asked he whom Carrol called governor. "I hope he has entirely recovered."

"Oh, he's ready, now, for the matter of that, to stan' another tussle, and take another thrust. It wasn't much of a wound arter all."

"Oh, indeed," said Elias; "I heard from my son Warren that it was a bad one."

"Perhaps your son ain't used to sich sights; there's a good deal in that. Would you like to see the Injun? He's outside, at the back."

"No, thank you, Carrol; I didn't come to see him, but you. Are you busy?"

"Well, not so busy but I kin talk a spell to you, governor, if you wishes it. I war only packin' up a few things ready for a start to-morrow."

Saying this, Carrol handed the governor a stool—the furniture of his hut not boasting of a chair.

"And so you're off to-morrow, are you?"

"Yes, I can't stand this here idle life any longer than I'm obleeged; 'taint my sort. Give me the woods and the savanners.

At the very thought of returning to them the backwoodsman smacked his lips.

"When did you see Oluski last?" abruptly asked Elias.

"It war a fortnight ago, governor, near as my memory serves me, just arter I'd shot the fattest buck killed this season. Oluski's people war all in a state o' excitement at the time."

"Indeed; about what?"

"Wal, Oluski's brother, who war chief o' another tribe, died not long 'fore, and his son, Wacora, had succeeded to the chiefship. Oluski was mighty perlite to his nephy, who war on a visit to Oluski's Town when I war thar. I expect they'll all be hyar soon. It's about thar time o' coming' to Tampa."

"Did you see this Wacora, as you call him?"

"I did so, governor," answered Carrol, "and a likely Injun he is."

Elias sat for some moments silent, during which time Cris busied himself over his gun.

After a time, he put the question:—

"Is that all you ha' to say, governor?"

The governor, as Carrol styled him, started at this abrupt interrogatory.

"No, Carrol, that is not all. What I have to say is this. You are a friend to the redskins?"

"Yes, siree, so long as they behaves themselves, I am," promptly replied Cris.

"I also am their friend," said Rody, "and want to deal fairly by them. They have, however, a foolish sort of pride that makes it difficult, especially in some matters. You know what I mean, do you not?"

"Yes, I see," rejoined the hunter, in a careless drawl.

"Well, in a bit of business I have with Oluski, I thought a friend might manage with him better than I could myself."

The governor paused to give Carrol an opportunity of replying.

The backwoodsman, however, did not avail himself of it.

"So, you see, Carrol," continued Elias, "I thought that you might act the part of that friend in the negotiation I allude to."

"No, I don't quite see *that*," said Cris, looking up with an odd smile upon his face, and a twinkle in his eye. "But come, governor, tell me what you want done, and I'll tell you whether I kin do it."

"Well, then, Carrol, I will."

The governor drew his stool nearer to Cris as if about to impart some confidential secret. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Yosemite Valley.

This valley, according to the survey made by the California Commissioners, contains 1,141 acres, of which only 745 are meadow land. The Commissioners say that the lands selected by the "squatters" are the very best in the valley, and if they obtain uncontrolled authority over them, all hope is forever gone of any satisfactory carrying out of the plan of making a great National Park. The Commissioners are also unanimously agreed as to the impropriety of cutting down the superb natural forests of the valley, and replacing them by apple orchards, or of converting the Yosemite into a cattle ranche—both these plans being advocated by the squatters. They regard the exquisite wild flowers of the valley as too precious to be sacrificed, even to the very desirable idea of raising beef half a cent a pound cheaper than it could be obtained from outside.

☞ An Irish Dominician preacher, wishing to place the *meanness* of Judas in the clearest light before his audience, suggested to them that, from long familiarity with the Gospel narrative, they had come to overlook the force of the words there used to describe the future apostate's habitual roguery. "Not only," he reminded them, "did Judas steal the money, but Holy Writ emphatically adds that he even *kept the bag*."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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BACK NUMBERS.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of "The Death Shadow of The Poplars," "Sydnie Adriance," "The Planter Pirate," &c., &c.

THE WHITE SQUAW;

A TALE OF FLORIDA.

In the present number we commence this new story by CAPT. MAYNE REID. It will be illustrated in the style of "The Planter Pirate," which was concluded in the last paper.

Will our friends through the country please call the attention of their acquaintances to this story? We will send THE POST on trial for six months, for one dollar.

THE WEATHER.

The heat has been something fearful the past week, but we need say very little on the subject, as it seems to have pretty generally pervaded the country—sparing neither the mountains nor the sea-shore—and all our readers have been able to realize its quality for themselves.

But as the hottest days of former seasons have been previous to the middle of July, we may hope that we have had our share for this year of excessively hot days—and, more particularly, hot nights.

Our advice to all our readers is, keep cool—if you can; and do not overwork yourselves, if you can help it. If anybody makes faces at you, do not make faces back, but reserve all your retaliation until the Autumn. And be moderate in all things—especially in eating and drinking. If you have a chance, take a little trip somewhere—if only for a day or two. It will freshen you up, and you will be very glad to get home again—for, as a general thing, the hotel food of this country, is sour, stale, greasy, uncooked, and, speaking moderately, abominable.

Of course there are exceptions, perhaps one or two in every state, to this broad statement. But one thing is without exception—that we never drank a cup of really good coffee in any hotel, at any place, in all our life.

But we never travel without coming home doubly convinced, that there is a greater field for reform in improving the cookery of the American people—and thus promoting the physical, mental and spiritual progress of the race—than in any other department of life whatever.

If some of those ladies who think they have a mission to reform politics, would turn their attention to reforming sour bread, half-cooked vegetables, greasy meats, &c., they would do some good in their lives, even if their names did not get so often into the newspapers.

But we must not get excited on this subject in such warm weather, so we forbear.

DARK COMPLEXIONS IN FASHION.—An English journal says there is quite a rage among the fair young English girls for young men of dark complexions. But a young man of dark complexion, who had responded to an advertisement in a London paper, gives utterance to his disappointed hopes to the editor as follows:—

"Sir—I answered a correspondent of your journal a short time ago—'a fair lady of some means, who wished to meet with a young man of dark complexion,' &c. I am sorry to say that I have been greatly deceived. I am both young and dark. I was born in Virginia, U. S., in 1846, and am of African descent, of good education, and hold a degree in arts. Matters were arranged satisfactorily, until she learned that I was a liberated slave, when 'she' pretended to object to me. It certainly is the fact that I was born a slave; but I have been freed now nearly seven years. I should like to correspond with a lady of good education, and with means. I hope to be able to obtain a reputation by my efforts in time, if I could obtain the means of maintaining myself in a respectable position for a while. I am, plainly, an octoroon, slight, five feet eleven inches high, not black, but have the short, crisp hair of my female parent."

It seems from the above that the rage for dark complexions, sometimes gets the young English girls into rather embarrassing situations—they want the dark Caucasian article, not the light African. There is a difference.

☞ A visit to London cannot but convince that there is the commercial and financial centre of the world, and that within a radius of a half mile around the Bank of England, are to be found the men who rule the mercantile affairs of the earth. There is no effort at pretension in any of the buildings where these great trade affairs are carried on. The Rothschilds have a banking house far more modest than half the broker's offices on Third street, Philadelphia, and to launch out into a pretentious building is regarded in London as a proof of impending bankruptcy.—*Public Ledger.*

Burying Alive.

The great Washington and others of eminence, suffered through life with a fear of being buried alive; most distressing narrations have been given from time to time about dead bodies being found turned over in their coffins; such things may have taken place, but it is a very rare occurrence; it is known that in some parts of Europe the corpse is placed in such a position, for several days, that if it should revive, a bell rope touches the hand and the alarm could be given to the whole neighborhood; in one hundred years it did not occur, that one of these bells had been rung a single time. Still great efforts have been made by scientific men to discover some rule by which death may be infallibly indicated, for many years the French government have held out a standing reward of a large amount of money to any one who would discover and communicate a satisfactory test, other than that of actual decomposition, indicated by the skin turning to be black and blue and green which is conclusive on the subject; but in cold weather this may not take place in many weeks, and to "keep the body" so long, would be inconvenient, and objectionable on several accounts. A method has recently been given to the French government which will probably take the prize; hold a lighted candle to any portion of the body, a blister will soon rise; if on puncture it gives out a fluid substance, death has not taken place; if it emits air only, it is perfectly certain that life has become entirely extinct, for which we offer but one reason among others, in case of actual death the blood is congealed in a sense, there is no moisture, simply a little air, this being rarified under the flame, raises up the skin; if there is life, the flame causes an inflammation and nature, in her alarm, sends increased material there for repair, a kind of glairy fluid, and this being sent there in excess, causes the skin to rise; inability to feel the pulse or heart-beat; cold skin, no dew on a bit of glass, none of these are conclusive, as there has been life, when none of these were observed.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Selling a Brig.

A very good story is told of old embargo times and the war of 1812. Under the impulse of the removal of embargo, there was a sudden rise in the value of property, and such a demand for it that merchandize was sometimes carried off from vessels before the owners arrived at their place of business; and the parties taking it came in afterward to say that they were at the owner's mercy, and must pay what they chose to ask.

A brig was lying at Boston harbor which had come up from Plymouth just before the embargo was laid, fit for sea. The Plymouth owner thought it was a good time to sell the brig, and sent his son up for the purpose, telling him to demand eight thousand dollars for her, and not to take less than six thousand dollars. John went to Boston, found how things stood, sold the brig in a moment, as it were, and hurried home, elated with his bargain. As he neared the house, he saw the old man marching up and down the piazza, and presently he hastened out to meet his son, and hear the result of the sale.

"Have you sold the brig, John?"

"Yes, father."

"For how much?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand dollars!" cried the old man, with staring eyes, at hearing a price more than double what the vessel cost—"I'll bet you have sold her to some swindler, who don't care what the price is, and never means to pay his notes."

"Notes, did you say, father? Why, there are no notes in the case. I got the money and put it in the bank. Draw, and you will get it."

The old gentleman's excitement was suddenly cooled, and as the ruling passion rose in its place, he said—

"I say, John, couldn't you have got a little more?"

☞ The Journal des Debats, of Paris, among other anecdotes, relates that the late Lord Stamford left his son an immense fortune on condition that he should spend £10,000 every year in purchasing silver plate. After having tripled his dinner and toilet sets, the young lord had a splendid silver staircase constructed, and when at a loss how to proceed, obtained a judicial release from further compliance by a payment down of £20,000.

☞ That religion is carried out in a business-like manner in England is proverbial. Lately a business book has been published, entitled, "The Lord's Cash Book for 1868," whereby religious book-keeping is greatly facilitated. Towards the end of the book, besides much good advice, maxims, &c., is a regular ruled account, where the good Christian credits himself with all good acts, such as "Subscription towards decently clothing the newly converted female Hottentots," &c., and debits Providence with the equivalent, so that he can at any time check the account and surmise what his probable chance may be for the future.

☞ A Welsh girl once applied to a clergyman to be married. The clergyman asked her what property her husband possessed. The answer was, "Nothing." "And are you no better off?" he asked. The reply was in the negative. "Then why in the name of common sense do you dare to marry?" "Your reverence," said the girl, "I have a blanket, and Jack has a blanket; by putting them together, we shall both be gainers." The clergyman had nothing to say.

☞ Advice to young ladies: If you have taper fingers, mind you don't set anybody afire with them.

☞ Adam is claimed as having belonged to the fraternity of provision dealers, as he early engaged in dispensing of spare ribs.

☞ The City Council of Bangor has passed an order for the Mayor to take measures to prevent the train from passing through Front street at a speed faster than a walk, which is not very definite as applied to a railroad train.

☞ A public clock at Shelburne Falls is so unmusical in its striking, that a dying woman, as she heard its sounds for the last time, remarked: "Oh, sister, how I do pity you who must stay here and listen to that awful clock."

☞ Mr. Boucicault, the dramatist, described the London Punch as properly characterized by the four writers who originated it; thus Gilbert A'Beckett represented the spirit; Henry Mayhew the sugar; Douglas Jerrold the acid, and Mark Lemon the spoon!

☞ There is a class of people who think that to be grim is to be good; that piety is a sort of facial longitude; and that a thought, to be really wholesome, must be shaped like a coffin.

BOB WHITE.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Half way ripe is the wavy wheat,
Abroad in the fields where it stands breast high;
Soft as a whisper, and strangely sweet,
The breath of the wind as it wanders by;
"Bob White!"
Hark! whose is it, the voice I hear?
Calling aloud in the tall grain near—
"Bob White!"

Hotter each day grows the warm June sun,
A shade more purple the sky's deep blue,
And the bright June roses have just begun
To sprinkle their leaves with an ashen hue;
"Bob White!"
There it is calling, again and again,
Sweet and clear from the amber grain—
"Bob White!"

"What does the little bird say, my son?"
The father asks of his fair haired boy,
Where over the porch the wild vines run,
And the humming bee murmurs his song of joy.
"Bob White!"
Sounding aloud as the voice draws nigh,
And the innocent lips of the child reply—
"Bob White!"

One shrill note and a whirr of wings,
Away in a moment, flying low,
As over the loose wall lightly springs
The farmer lad with his rake and hoe;
"Bob White!"
Whistles the boy, while his big black eyes
Follow the flock wherever it flies—
"Bob White!"

A soft, sleek coat of a darkish brown,
And a speckled waistcoat of lighter shade,
Passing to white where it reaches down,
With breeches of chestnut trimly made;
"Bob White!"
This is he whom we hear repeat,
All day long in the ripening wheat—
"Bob White!"

Two half circles around the throat,
One pale streak on his lordship's crown,
And all over the back of his Quaker coat
Paler streaks of a yellowish brown;
"Bob White!"
This is he who fattens and thrives,
Down in the wheat where he calls to his wives—
"Bob White!"

A famous Mormon is he, I'm told,
Full of love for the softer sex;
With a heart like an eagle's quick and bold,
And a spirit fiery and easy to vex;
"Bob White!"
Is it his own or another's name
That he keeps repeating always the same—
"Bob White!"

A few dried leaves and some bits of hay
Under a tuft of sheltering grass;
Hid in a hollow out of the way,
Where only by chance a foot may pass—
"Bob White!"
Thus he calls now the nest is made—
Thus he will call till the eggs are laid!
"Bob White!"

Yellowish white the brittle shell,
Speckled with brown like his own little breast,
Watched, and tended, and guarded well,
A dozen or more in the homely nest;
"Bob White!"
Far less frequent, and somewhat dry
The voice of our friend, as the days go by,
"Bob White!"

A smart young fellow, his son and heir,
Ready at once from the nest to roam;
Little of trouble and little of care
Brings the boy to the mother at home;
"Bob White!"
Almost silenced the once clear tone,
Now that the season of love is flown,
"Bob White!"

There in the grass where the dew hangs damp,
Ever watchful of any harm,
Back to back in a circular camp,
Ready to rise at the least alarm;
"Bob White!"
Sits from the time the twilight falls,
All through the night, while no shrill throat calls
"Bob White!"

By-and-by when the summer is dead,
And the glowing hand of autumn weaves
Gorgeous patterns of purple and red,
With gold and brown in the orchard's leaves;—
"Bob White!"
Down in the stubble piping low,
No longer shall call as the bright days go—
"Bob White!"

—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

☞ The scheme of building a tunnel between France and England is talked of again. It has been ascertained by borings that the soil in the channel is white and gray chalk, with green sand below. The chalk can be worked easily, and the cost of the proposed tunnel is estimated at $50,000,000, gold.

☞ A man has just died in Paris, leaving a fortune of forty thousand dollars in postage stamps.

☞ In the United States, during the past year, twenty tons of postage stamps have been used.

☞ A Charleston (S. C.) paper contains the following explanation: "We beg to explain to a city subscriber who complains that his paper is frequently too damp for use, that it is because there is so much due on it."

☞ John P. Hewlett, of Willoughby Lake, Vt., was strangled to death a few days ago by a huge water snake. After a fearful struggle, the reptile managed to get around his neck, and before Hewlett could reach his jack-knife, life was extinct. The deceased was an industrious man, and leaves a wife and nine children.

☞ An individual has just recovered damages in the English courts for having been supplied with a defective machine for making champagne. It appeared during the trial that by the aid of the machine in question an effervescent compound of port, sherry, Madeira, Hungarian wine, and sugar can be made "equal to champagne of the highest brand;" with this slight difference, that it has a cloudy or milky appearance, and that it blisters the lips and throats of the unfortunate individuals who swallow it. A machine of this kind, capable of producing 100 dozen of Silliery champagne a day, costs £185, and the champagne can be turned out at the price of ginger beer.

Goodman Misery.

AN ALLEGORY BY DICKENS.

Peter and Paul met in a village on a certain day, when the rain was falling in torrents. They were wet to the skin. They were both in quest of a lodging for the night, but could find none. A rich man—one Richard—had turned them from his gates, bidding them remember that his house was not a public wine-shop, when a poor woman, who was washing linen in a brook, took pity on them and led them to her neighbor, the Goodman Misery. How much more considerate was the poor washerwoman than Richard with his closed gates; for, having bethought herself on the way that old Misery would probably have naught wherewith to break the fast and slake the thirst of his guests, she provided herself with some cooked fish, a big loaf, and a pitcher of Susa wine. Peter and Paul ate with a will. The hungry man tastes the sweetest viands. But sad was the case when the meal was at an end. Goodman Misery was so poor that he had no bed to offer them, save the straw upon which he usually rested his own aching limbs. The two travellers were, however, too considerate to accept it. They elected to sit up, and, by way of passing the time, suggested that Misery should tell his story to them. The Goodman consented, for it was a short and not a very eventful one. The most he had to tell was that a thief had stripped his pear-tree, the fruit of which was nearly all he had to depend upon for his wretched living. He would have gladly shared the fruit with them had he not suffered this cruel robbery.

Touched by his distress, Peter and Paul told Goodman Misery that they would pray to Heaven for him. And one of them considerately added, if he, Goodman Misery, had any particular desire, would he mention it?

The Goodman desired no more from the Lord than that any man who might climb his pear-tree should be fixed in it, and immovable, until he, Goodman Misery, willed that he should descend from it.

On the very day which saw the retreating figures of Peter and Paul, while Misery was gone to fetch a pitcher of water, the same thief who had stolen his finest pears returned to the tree. Goodman Misery, having set down his pitcher, perceived the rascal immovable amid the branches.

"Rascal, I have got you, have I?" Misery shouted; and then, aside, and in a low voice to himself: "Heaven! Who, then, were my guests last night? This time you will need to be in no hurry to pick my pears; but let me tell you that you will pay a heavy price for them in the torments you will have to endure at my hands. To begin with, all the town shall see you in your present plight. Then I will light a roaring fire under my tree, and smoke and dry you like a Mayence ham."

Goodman Misery having departed in quest of firewood to smoke and dry the thief like a Mayence ham, the culprit cried lustily until he attracted two of the Goodman's neighbors. Yielding to the prayers of the thief, these two honest folk climbed the tree to rescue their fellow-creature, whereupon they discovered that they, too, were fixed to the branches. The three had been left in company just seventeen hours and a half when Goodman Misery returned with a bag of bread and a goodly fagot upon his head. He was terrified to find three men settled in his pear-tree.

"Come, come," he cried, "the fair will be a good one with so many customers. And pray what did you two new comers want here? Couldn't you ask me for a few pears, and not come in my absence to steal them?"

"We are no thieves," they replied. "We are charitable neighbors, who came to help a man whose lamentations smote us to the heart. When we want pears we buy them in the market; there are plenty besides yours."

"If what you say be true," said Misery, "you want nothing in my tree, and come down as soon as you please; the punishment is for thieves only."

Whereupon the two neighbors found themselves free, and quickly regained the ground; but the thief continued fixed to the branches in a pitiable condition after his long imprisonment; and the neighbors stood astonished at the power of the Goodman. They begged hard that Misery would take pity even on the thief, who had endured torture for many hours. The rascal prayed hard also, crying:

"I'll pay any sum; but in the name of God let me come down. I am enduring tortures!"

At this word, Misery permitted himself to be mollified. He told the thief, in releasing him, that he would forget his crime and forgive it. To show that he had a generous heart, and that self had never dictated any of the actions of his life, he would make him a present of the fruit he had stolen. He would be released from bondage in the tree on the condition that he would take an oath never to climb it again, and that he would never come within one hundred feet of it while the pears were ripe.

"May a hundred devils seize me," said the thief, "if I ever come within a league of it again while I live!"

"That is enough," said the Goodman. "Come down, neighbor; you are free; but never return, if you please."

The thief was so stiff and swollen in his limbs, that poor old Misery had to help him down with a ladder; for nothing would persuade the neighbors to approach the tree a second time. The adventure made a great noise in the neighborhood, and thenceforth Misery's pears were respected scrupulously.

But Goodman Misery was old, and his strength was waning daily. He was content with the fruit of his pear-tree, but it was meagre fare that contented him. One day a knock was made at his door. He threw the door open and beheld a visitor whom he had long expected, but whom he did not imagine to be quite so near his poor hearth. It was Death, who, on his rounds, had stepped aside to tell him that his hour was near.

"Be welcome," said the Goodman, without flinching a muscle, and looking steadfastly at him as one who did not fear him. Misery had naught on his conscience, though he had lived with very little on his back. Death was surprised to find himself so well received.

"What!" cried Death, "thou hast no fear of me! No fear of Death! at whose look the strongest tremble, from the shepherd to the king?"

"No, I have no dread of your presence," Misery said. "What pleasure have I in this life? If anything in this world could give me a regret, it would be that of parting from my pear-tree, which has fed me through so many years. But you must be settled with, and you brook no delays nor subterfuges when you beckon. All I will ask and beg you to grant me before I die, is that I may eat one more of my pears in your presence. Afterwards, I shall be ready."

"Thy wish is too modest a wish to be refused," said Death.

Misery crept forth into his yard, Death followed closely on his heels. The Goodman shuffled many times round his beloved tree, seeking the finest pear. At length, having selected a magnificent one,

"There," he said, "I choose that one; pray you lend me your scythe to cut it down."

"This instrument is never lent," quoth Death. "No good soldier permits himself to be disarmed. But it seems to me it would be better to pluck your pear with the hand. It would be bruised by a fall. Climb into the tree."

"A good idea," said Misery. "If I had the strength I would climb, but don't you see I can hardly stand?"

"Well," Death answered, "I will afford you this service. I will climb the tree myself."

Death climbed the pear-tree and plucked the fruit which Misery coveted so ardently; but was astonished when he found it impossible to regain the ground.

"Goodman Misery," said Death, "tell me what kind of a tree is this?"

"Cannot you see that it is a pear-tree?"

"Yes, yes; but how is it that I can move neither hand nor foot upon it?"

"I faith, that's your business," Goodman Misery answered.

"What, Goodman! You dare to play a trick upon me, at whose nod all the world trembles? Do you know the risk you are running?"

"I am very sorry," was Misery's cool answer. "But what have you risked yourself in coming to disturb the peace of an unfortunate who never did you harm in his life? What fantastic notion led you to me? You have the time to reflect, however; and since I have you now under my thumb, I will do a little good to the poor world that you have held in bondage for so many centuries. No! Without the help of a miracle, you will not get out of that tree until I please to permit you."

Death, who had never found himself in such a plight, saw that he had to deal with some supernatural power.

"Goodman Misery," he pleaded, "I deserve this for having been too amiable towards you. But don't abuse the power which the All Powerful has given you for an instant over me. Make no further opposition, I pray you, to the decrees of Heaven. Consent that I shall descend the tree at once, or I will blast it unto death."

"Blast it," Misery answered, "and I protest to you, by all that is most sacred in the world, dead as my tree may be, it will hold you until you get free from it by God's will."

"I perceive," Death went on, "that I entered an unfortunate house for myself to-day. But come, come, Goodman Misery, I have business in the four quarters of the world, and it must be all ended before sundown. Do you wish to arrest the course of nature? If I were to make my way out of this predicament, you might feel it sharply."

"Nay," said Misery, "I fear nothing. Every man who is above the fear of Death is beyond any threats. Your menaces have no effect on me. I am always ready to start for the next world when the Lord shall summon me."

"Very fine sentiments, Goodman Misery! Thou mayest boast, Goodman, of being the first in this life who has gotten the better of Death. Heaven commands me that with thy consent I leave thee, to return to thee only on the last day of judgment, when I shall have completed my great work, and man shall be no more. You shall see the end, I promise you; so now, without hesitation, allow me to come down or let me fly away. A queen is waiting for me, five hundred leagues away."

"Ought I to believe you? Or is it only to betray me that you speak thus to me?"

"No, never shalt thou see me again until all nature is desolate. The last stroke of my scythe shall fall upon thee. The edicts of Death are irrevocable. Dost thou hear me, Goodman?"

"Yes, I hear; and I believe in the words. Come down when it shall please thee."

At this Death swept through the air, and disappeared from the sight of Misery. The Goodman has never heard of Death since, although he has often been told of his presence in his neighborhood, almost next door, so that Misery has lived to a wonderful age, and still dwells in rags near his pear-tree. And, according to the solemn promise of Death, Misery lives till the world shall be no more.

Upon hawkers' shoulders for centuries past, has this legend of the words of Scripture, that poverty shall never cease from out the land, been borne through the villages of France. A learned Frenchman surmises that the Goodman was a French child stolen away into Italy, there redressed, and thence escaped home into France. Goodman Misery, in any case, has had his chief travels in France. Millions of copies, describing his interviews with Peter and Paul, the thief, and Death, have been sold by hawkers among the road-side cabins of France.

☞ A very interesting, and, in one aspect, a profoundly important discovery has been lately made at Antelope, a station 450 miles west of Omaha. In digging a well for the railroad company, there was reached at the depth of *sixty-eight* feet, a layer of human bones—undoubtedly human, from the fact that there was a skull and jaw, as well as other bones from the extremities and the trunk. The excavators assert that in the process of digging they have found layers of bones in which the remains of elephants and tigers have been unearthed, it being known to everybody that these animals are extinct species on this continent. It remains for the savans to determine whether these human bones were covered so deeply by a cataclysm, or were deposited there in pre-historic times, to confirm or correct current scientific opinion both as to the origin of the human race and the date of its existence upon this planet.

☞ Sir Walter Scott's son, who bore his father's name and succeeded to his title, used to say, and it is believed with truth, that he never had read a line of his father's works.

☞ Can the grief of a mulatto be considered yellow pine?

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Weather.

The weather was intensely hot last week—we give the telegraphic record of a single day:—

MONTREAL, July 16.—The heat to-day is intense. The thermometer indicates 106. Ten fatal cases of sun-stroke yesterday, and four thus far to-day.

At Ottawa, Col. Brunel and Mr. Chealey, of the Indian Department, are named among the victims of the heat.

BALTIMORE, July 16.—Fifteen sun-strokes yesterday, three being fatal. Charles Hack, from Washington, D. C., was found dead in bed this morning, at Wilson's Hotel. The Coroner's verdict was conjestion of the brain, caused by excessive heat. The heat is not so intense to-day.

The Sun reports that fifty head of cattle died yesterday from the excessive heat, at one of the cattle yards in this city.

BOSTON, July 16.—There were a few cases of sun-stroke here yesterday, two of them fatal. To-day there is a pleasant, fresh breeze blowing from the north-east.

ATLANTIC CITY, July 16—9 A. M.—Thermometer 88. Wind north. Weather clear.

CAPE MAY, July 16—9 A. M.—Thermometer 83. Wind north-east. Weather clear.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 16.—For the thirty-six hours ending at 10 P. M. yesterday, twenty-one cases of sun-stroke occurred here, of which six resulted fatally.

NEW YORK, July 16.—Nearly one hundred cases of sun-stroke were reported up to three P. M. to-day, of which thirty proved fatal. Among the deaths is that of Professor W. T. G. Morton, of Boston, who died of apoplexy, caused by the excessive heat, while riding with his wife in the Central Park. The heat has been less to-day than for the three previous days, a north-east breeze tempering the atmosphere. At three P. M. the mercury stood at 92.

NEW YORK, July 16—Midnight.—Since 3 P. M., twenty-five additional cases of sun-stroke have been reported, nearly half of which were fatal. The heat is now moderating, the thermometer marking 76 degrees.

NEWARK, N. J., July 16.—There were thirteen deaths, caused by heat, in this city, within the past two days. Some of the factories have temporarily ceased work.

RICHMOND, Va., July 16.—The thermometer in some localities to-day marked 107 degrees in the shade. There were two deaths from sun-stroke. The heat was so great in Libby Prison, that the military commander removed the prisoners to the posts from which they were sent.

AUGUSTA, Ga., July 16.—Thermometer 100 in the shade.

WILMINGTON, July 16.—The heat is unabated. Thermometer 99 to 102.

TRENTON, July 16.—There were four deaths from sun-stroke yesterday, and to-day the mercury stood at 92 at three P. M. and 80 at seven P. M.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—The weather continues oppressively hot. During the day out-door mechanics suspended work. Many persons have been sickened by the heat, but so far only two or three deaths have occurred from this cause. The mortality among horses has been heavy.

IOWA CITY, July 16.—The mercury to-day rose to 100 in the shade. Yesterday it stood at 104. Seven sun-strokes occurred to-day, of which three were fatal.

PHILADELPHIA IN DARKNESS.—Owing to a strike of the men at the gasworks, Philadelphia was left without gas on the evening of the 17th. The citizens took it very good naturedly, and some think it would be a decided saving to go back to candles. The feeling is generally against the workmen, for striking on twelve hours notice, as manifesting but little regard for the great interests of the city.

IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—The Hon. A. M. Stout, Acting Commissioner of Patents, has had pending before him an application for the extension of letters patent, granted to the late James A. Cutting, July 11th, 1854, for the use of bromide in combination with collodion for photographic purposes. The case was argued by counsel before the Commissioner last week, and after a careful and thorough examination by him, he announced his decision on Wednesday last against granting the extension.

A CARELESS WEALTHY MAN.—An examination of the personal effects of the late Dr. Vanderveer, of Somerset county, N. J., brought to light money and valuable papers amounting in all to $239,000, strewn about with apparently great carelessness—in pockets and pocket-books, in boxes, in drawers, in holes and corners, rolled up and chucked in and laying around loose. There were bank notes amounting to several thousands, gold and silver by the hundreds, bonds of railroads, of state, county and township corporations, United States bonds, real estate mortgages, deeds, notes for money loaned, &c., &c. Six different wills were found, in addition to one under which claim had already been made and a legal battle over the estate is to begin early in July.

—During the first three days of the week, two hundred and fifty deaths from excessive heat occurred in the city of New York.

—The Governor of Ohio has reprieved Mrs. Victor, under sentence of death for poisoning her brother, and ordered her to be placed in a lunatic asylum.

—John J. Blair has formally accepted the Republican nomination for Governor of New Jersey.

—The Cincinnati Gazette says the wheat harvest is progressing rapidly in the West. In many places it is over. A good crop of wheat has been secured—good in quality and good in quantity. The weather is very favorable for corn, and the prospects for all crops are excellent.

—It is stated that planting tomatoes around apple trees will hinder their being troubled by the borer. The remedy is cheap and may be made profitable too.

—As a remedy for mosquito bites, keep a phial of glycerine at hand and apply freely to the bites. It will relieve the irritation and swelling at once. One application is generally sufficient.

—A young lady in Cary, N. Y., was struck in the breast by the stick of a rocket, a few days ago, and was so injured that she died after some hours of suffering.

—Several Neapolitan priests have lately abandoned their profession, have married, and established a paper called the Catholic Emancipator.

—A gentleman, while at breakfast at a certain hotel in Atlanta, Georgia, was asked by a Federal officer whether the representatives from his county had yet arrived. "Wait," replied the gentleman, "until I get through my breakfast, and I will go to the kitchen and inquire."

—Miss Marian Jane White was recently brought before the Police Court of Chicago on a complaint of Mr. T. Cayrus, of that city, on a charge of disorderly conduct. Miss White, who was engaged to Cayrus, it is alleged, kept her betrothed on his good behavior by threats of a suit for breach of promise. If he was absent from her for two days there came a note: "Darling—if I do not see you in two hours I shall commence the suit. Thy adoring Marian." If she wished to go to a concert and he did not profess a willingness to escort her, there came a note: "My own Thornley—The papers are in the hands of a lawyer. Faithfully yours." The youth endured all this until she insisted on his taking a class in an infant Sunday-school and cutting off his imperial. Then he had her arrested for disorderly conduct. Both defendant and complainant obtained justice in the shape of a fine of ten dollars each.

—Dr. Richardson, of Springport, N. Y., made an interesting statement at the Medical Convention recently held in Rochester. In investigating the causes and nature of eruptive diseases he made the following experiment: He took a piece of fresh beef and put it under pure water, where he let it remain seventy hours. By this time the meat had begun to decompose, and was far from being agreeable either to the taste or smell. The doctor then took a single drop of the water and examined it under the microscope. He discovered in it numerous minute animals, all in a lively state. He estimated that a cubic inch of the water contained over twenty thousand of these beings. The doctor at this state deliberately swallowed four ounces of the water, and soon afterward opened a vein in his arm. In the blood that issued forth he discovered a number of living organisms precisely similar to those in the water he drank.

—A serious riot has occurred at Mullican, Texas, lasting two days. It grew out of the attempt of a party of negroes to lynch a man, and was finally suppressed by the military after 50 or 60 of the rioters had been killed.

—Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan were at Fort Levenworth on the 17th.

—In New Orleans, the thermometer has not risen above 90 degrees during the whole season.

—Tomatoes are said to be rotting by the million upon the vines in Florida for the wat of shipment.

A Formidable Ally.

Not long ago, a very fine specimen of the Asiatic elephant was safely landed at Southampton, and purchased by Mr. A. Fairgrieve, the acting proprietor of the Queen's menagerie. The animal is an exceedingly fine one, standing upwards of six feet in height, with splendid tusks. It is of the male sex, and between three and four years of age. It was shipped at Bombay, and was under the charge of a Sumatrian named Ramee Jhandeegger (familiarly known on board by the term "Ramy",) to whom the elephant was particularly attached, and who had brought the huge brute under perfect subjection. During the first few days, after the ship had cleared the land, everything went on in a perfectly satisfactory manner; but, unfortunately, very heavy weather coming on, a spirit of insubordination was displayed by several of the crew. The would-be mutineers assembled together one evening near the wheel-house on the main deck, close to where the elephant was chained, and held council as to their future proceedings. The keeper Ramy, lying at the side of the animal, feigned sleep, although he paid attention to what the disaffected spirits were saying. He heard the whole details of a most diabolical plot to murder the captain and a greater portion of the crew and passengers, and he ascertained that he (Ramy) was one of the selected ones who were thus appointed to be ruthlessly massacred. Noiselessly unfastening the chain which bound the elephant's fore legs, Ramy set the animal at liberty, and springing to his feet in an instant, he bounded into the midst of the mutineers, followed by the elephant. Giving a signal to the intelligent brute, it laid about it right and left with its trunk, and the astonished sailors were quickly prostrated on the deck, wounded and bleeding, and shouting loudly for mercy. The captain hearing the disturbance was soon on the spot, and, having been made acquainted with the facts of the case, caused the mutineers to be placed in irons, to be dealt with at the first port at which they touched. The wounds caused by the animal's trunk were somewhat fearful.

☞ The Lynchburg, Va., News says that musquitoes cannot stand the fumes of intoxicating fluids, and that a small piece of cotton cloth saturated with whiskey and hung over the bed, will keep them away. If that's so, some people are safe from musquito bites, sure.

☞ A correspondent of the American Journal of Horticulture says that the roots of Eastern trees run on the surface, while the same trees West run downwards. He says that roots prefer to be near the surface, but must have moisture, and as the West is famous for its summer droughts, the roots are forced to go deep to get their drink.

☞ A PAPER CHEESE BOX.—The Utica Herald says that a new cheese box has been brought out in Jefferson county, made of paper instead of wood—the former being regarded as cheaper than the latter. It is claimed that the paper boxes are more substantial than the wooden, and, as they are lighter, there will be a saving in freight.

☞ A Mississippi correspondent of the Dixie Farmer expresses the wish that the word "planter" be stricken out of the Southern vocabulary, and the word "farmer" take its place.

☞ A rich Japanese, whose income is put at the handsome figure of $60,000,000, is said to be coming to Paris for a wife. The Boston Post says: "What a blessing if we could only get him here—and tax him!"

☞ A Hartford merchant has paid $60,000 in rents for a store which he could have bought originally for $15,000. His case was probably that of the trapper, who was offered the land St. Paul now stands on for a pair of boots, and didn't take it for lack of the boots.

☞ The Boston Traveller says that some officials of that city who recently visited the White Mountains were rather astonished at the question of a stage driver. He had answered what he considered many very foolish interrogatories, and at last broke out with: "Do we act so green when visiting Boston as you chaps do that come up here?"

☞ A young lady is in want of a husband. She is intelligent, amiable and accomplished, but not pretty. She advertises for a blind man.

Love.

If you love, love more. If you hate, hate less. Life is too short to spend in hating any one. Why war with a mortal who is going the same road with us? Why not expand the flower of life and happiness by learning to love, by teaching those who are near and dear the beautiful lesson? Your hands may be hard, but your heart need not be. Your forms may be bent or ugly, but do you not know that the most beautiful flowers often grow in the most rugged, unsheltered places? The palace for care, the cottage for love. Not there is no love in the mansion; but somehow, if we are not very careful, business will crowd all there is of beauty out of the heart. This is why God has given us Sabbaths and Saturday nights, that we may leave business in the office and have a heart-cleaning.

☞ A lady in a Western city publishes a card stating that it gives her pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the amount of an accident policy on the life of her husband, who was killed in a late railroad disaster.

☞ A travelling life insurance agent applied to a Texan to "take out a policy;" but the Texan replied, "A fellow's life is so confoundedly uncertain in this community, it ain't worth insuring."

Asthma.—This distressing and most unrelenting disorder may be alleviated by the use of *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy*.

It will not always *cure*, but no instance has ever been known of its having failed to give immediate relief.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CHAPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-cowtf

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Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for these BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

"It Works like a Charm."

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Headache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Toothache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Neuralgia!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Cholera Morbus!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Rheumatism!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Lameness!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Skin Diseases!
Sold by Druggists, Merchants and Grocers.

WILLIAM RENNE sole Proprietor, Pittsfield, Mass.

For sale in Philadelphia by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch street. my30-3m

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The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 90 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, je27-tf Box 320, Boston, Mass.

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

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HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—The free use of this wonderful unguent removes every pimple and blotch from the skin, imparting a beautiful soft velvet appearance to the neck and cheeks.

INFLAMMATION is at once subdued by RUSSIA SALVE, and a burn, bruise, cut, or old sore, to which it is applied, is readily healed by its cooling and cleansing qualities. Redding & Co., Proprietors, Boston, Mass. Sold everywhere. By mail, 35 cents.

THERE is no excuse for those who drag their weary and disordered bodies into our company, when a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA would cleanse their murky blood and restore their health and vigor. Ye muddy victims of bilious disease, have some regard for your neighbors, if not for yourselves. jy25-3t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, by Hon. Morton McMichael, Mayor of Philada., ALEXANDER WRIGHT to MARY A. PERKINS, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Cole, CHARLES T. F. SANDERLIN, Esq., to Miss MATTIE J. THOMAS, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. THOMAS BAIRD to Miss ELIZABETH DALE, both of this city.

On the 14th of April, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. CHARLES P. LEONARD, of Massachusetts, to Miss CAROLINE STOLL, of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. ROBERT S. AUSTIN to Miss MARY A. LAWSON, both of this city.

On the 6th of July, 1868, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM HOLMES to Miss ANNIE CAVES, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of July, at her residence in this city, HANNAH JANE JACKAWAY, daughter of Wm. P. and Margaret Barrett, in the 24th year of her age.

In Jenks township, Forest county, Pa., Mrs. ROSANNA SCOTT, in her 78th year, (relict of John L. Scott,) a native of Baltimore county, Md., and formerly of Philada.

On the 14th instant, BERNHARD POLL, in his 37th year.

On the 14th instant, JOHN, son of Wm. and Johanna Nagle, aged 24 years.

On the 13th instant, MARGARET, wife of Jas. Patton, aged 58 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE MURRAY, aged 58 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. REBECCA LAVERTY, in her 68th year.

On the 13th instant, THOMAS F. MEHER, in his 38th year.

On the 12th instant, ROBERT S. WILSON, in his 60th year.

SUMMER DAYS.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Oh, summer days! dear summer days! how
sweet ye are and fair!
When beauty smiles and fragrance breathes
throughout the earth and air:
When all the birds have built their nests in
loving couples twined,
And yellow butterflies in pairs come waltz-
ing down the wind.

The morning glories drape the wall with
crimson, white and blue,
Coquetting with the honey-bees the long
sweet mornings through;
The humming-bird hangs poised above the
lily's nectar-store,
And untledged birdlings twitter in the nest
above the door.

The grandsire sits beside the porch, where
coolest shadows lie,
While all the bees and butterflies and moths
go flitting by;
He never marks their flight, nor sees the
swallows come and go,
But rests his chin upon his staff, and thinks
of long ago.

I ask him if these summer days bring not a
rare delight,
They rise so fair and glide so slow into the
golden night.
"Ah, me!" he says, "I dream upon the
years that used to be,
The days, since I have grown so old, seem
all alike to me."

I wonder if 'twill come to me—the time
when I shall say
I see no splendor in the sky, no beauty in
the day;
When birds shall sing above my head their
chorus glad and clear,
Yet bring no flutter to my heart, no rapture
to my ear?

I wonder if I, too, shall sit and dream an old
man's dreams,
And vaguely meditate and brood on half-for-
gotten themes,
While all the hues and symphonies of sea,
and sky, and earth,
Pass vainly by my heedless sense, like trifles
nothing worth!

Ah no! whatever change may come, that
change can never be—
This lovely world can never lose its happy
charm for me;
Not all the sorrow time can bring, not all
life's mightiest woes,
Can take the odor from the fern, the color
from the rose.

And though my senses fail with years, and
lose their keenest power,
Yet, when the sparrow comes and sings at
earliest morning hour—
Ah! he who once has heard the song, can
never cease to hear;
I know the clear, ecstatic voice will pierce
my heavy ear;

And I shall see the roses bloom, and note
the pleasant hum
Of humble-bees, and wait at night to see the
fire-flies come;
And though my eyes may have, as yet, their
bitterest tears to shed,
I never can be wholly blind to evening's
gold and red.

The flowers will not cease to glow because
my cheek is wan;
The peach trees will not fail to blush be-
cause my bloom is gone;
And all the mists that mournful age may
bring to cloud my view
Can never hide the purple hills, the sea's
delicious blue.

This beauteous world, which every year re-
news its youthful prime,
Will be as fair when I am old as in my child-
hood's time;
And age can never be a scene of loneliness
and gloom
To him who sees the swallows build—the
morning-glories bloom.

POLLY'S ONE OFFER.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

V.

Polly did not find her position, under these circumstances, at all unpleasant—rather the reverse, indeed. There was a great deal going on at the Grange; never was Maggie so busy in the kitchen, or so little at leisure to devote herself to her friend; Laura and Fanny had, of course, occupations of their own, and were not going to be troubled with Maggie's darling; and so it fell out that she was often left to Bob, who had plenty of idle time on his hands, and was glad to employ it.

The first morning after her arrival Polly was introduced to Stella in a large, level pasture-field, and Bob having put her in the saddle with infinite care, and many assurances that she need not be in the least afraid, led the pretty creatures slowly round the field. They were a capital match, he said, and, if Polly liked, Stella should be hers. Then Polly had the bridle in her own hands, and Stella walked quietly and obligingly after Bob close to the hedge, and then across the field to the gate, where Mrs. Livingstone stood, without being led. Mrs. Livingstone said Stella was admirably trained, and a docile, fine-tempered thing; and then she commended Polly as sitting nicely and straight up, and bade Bob mind and take care of her. This lesson was repeated every morning after breakfast, and Polly could soon ride well enough to be trusted on the road with Bob and Maggie, and so they took several excursions together, not very long, and Polly made acquaintance and drank tea informally at several neighboring houses, where she was evidently welcomed for somebody's sake besides her own.

Every time this significant sort of welcome was given her, Polly's heart suffered that strange physical wrench, and so it did often when she was with Bob alone, and he said kind words, and gave her kind looks that implied his love for her. He was never rough with her now, but very quiet and wary, as if he had an inkling of that hidden pang, and was watching for his opportunity to speak without scaring her, and so finally to cure it. His wooing was not at all unlike the process of breaking in Stella; Polly was quite as shy, as proud, as averse to bit and bridle as that pretty thoroughbred; but, once subdued, Bob thought she would also be as good and as obedient to his hand. Yet all this while he was endeavoring to make her compliant and tractable, Polly was hardening her mind against him, and perplexing Maggie more and more every day. She had no fear of herself what she should answer if Bob were so rash as to make love to her openly (as if his daily life at present was not all love-making!); but she had many doubts whether she had done what she ought to have done in coming to Blackthorn Grange. She had read very few novels, and was a child for worldly wisdom; but she knew it was not good for a governess to be called a *flirt*, and Maggie had said to her that *if* she did *not* like Bob, she was no better than a *flirt* and a *coquette*, to which Polly had replied that she *did* like Bob, and she would not have bad names fastened upon her. But both the girls knew that they were talking at cross purposes, and that *liking* meant very different things in their vocabularies; standing for downright true love in Maggie's, and in Polly's for a mere general sentiment free to all the world.

Thus matters went on for a week, Bob always confident and easy, Polly sweet with him and savage with herself, and Maggie at her wits' end over the vanity and vexation of other people's courtships. "If," cogitated she—"*if* Polly behaves badly to Bob, she'll have such a fall in my mother's esteem that I shall never be allowed to set eyes on her again—the plaguey puss! She would be awfully kind and sensible if she were left to her own discretion, for she has the dearest little warm heart in the world for them that love her; and she need not think she is blinding *me*; she is ever so fond of Bob, bless her! only she is persuaded that she's cut out for a single life. What a silly, selfish woman Mrs. Curtis must be to have filled her with such notions! I have not patience to think of her!"

The wrench at Polly's heart was very frequently repeated at this time; it was renewed, indeed, day by day. There was an old friend of the Livingstone family, a widow lady, who often dropped in with her work of an afternoon, and was quite in the confidence of the sisters. She tried to take up Polly in the same way, during one of her visits, and extolled Bob so highly that Maggie sat in dread lest Polly should indulge in one of those sharp, satiric speeches for which she was famous at school when provoked. But no; Polly sat humiliated and in pain, listening to feeble anecdotes of Bob's babyhood and boyhood, most of which she had already heard from his mother, and wishing she was safe at home and her trials and temptations over. The family friend plainly assumed that she had a special interest in Bob, or soon would have, and she did not feel skillful enough to parry the assumption without betraying that she understood it. All Polly's feints consisted in refusing to see what she did not wish to see. While the talk was still at its height, down came a heavy pour of rain, and Bob strolled in from the garden. Polly was in possession of his peculiar chair, and quite simply, not meaning any offence or expecting it to be taken, he said, "Get up, Polly, and you shall sit on my knee." Polly got up, and would have stepped away; but Bob dexterously intercepted her and throned her on his knee, adding, in a cheerful, explanatory tone, "She is going to be my little wife, Mrs. Davis—are you not, Polly?"

"There go two words to that bargain," said Maggie, and laughed nervously. Polly did not speak, but she made a gentle decided move to extricate herself, her heart beating with pang after pang, and her eyes turned with pathetic entreaty on Bob's face. Bob, who loved her eyes, smiled at their helpless sweetness, and thought they were like his favorite setter's when she cowered at his feet, fearing punishment. He did not let her go at once, and she did not struggle—dignity forbade—but she slipped away by-and-by, and contrived to say, pleasantly, that though it might be a vast honor to sit on Bob's knee, she greatly preferred a chair, at which Bob laughed, perhaps rather too incredulously.

The day but one after this was the day fixed for Polly to go home. Mrs. Livingstone was very kind to her, and hoped she would soon return for a longer stay; and this she repeated so frequently that Polly quite understood that *she* had no doubt of it. Bob left her little peace, but he did not put her out of her pain until the last morning when she had begun to think she was to get away without incurring the worst test. It was settled the night before that she should go to the station with Maggie and Laura in the pony-carriage, which had a front and back seat; and when she had said good-by to Mrs. Livingstone and Fanny indoors, and came out at the garden-door in the morning sunshine, there was Bob in a light summer suit, looking in the finest spirits, but excited withal.

"Are *you* going, Bob? I have put on my driving gloves," said Laura, who had already taken the reins.

"You may drive and welcome; I only want to go to the turn of Pickett's Lane; I'll sit behind with Polly," said he, and put her in, and followed himself. Then Maggie mounted by her sister, and off the pony went at a frisky trot.

Polly's parting glimpse of the Grange was adorned by the figures of Mrs. Livingstone and Fanny in the porch—Fanny waving her hand and crying, "Come back soon, Polly; come back soon!" The road was long and perfectly level and straight, but it wavered in capricious zigzags before Polly's eyes, while roses and lilies contended for the dominion of her face. Bob was there, and watching her, and her heart was all one great swelling pang. She would have given anything for leave to cry, but this was neither the time nor place for tears, and she had forgotten her veil. Bob was apparently occupied with the landscape, but he did not lose one change of her sweet little face, and presently he began to speak of her return to the Grange.

"But I shall see you before then, Polly," he went on; "I am coming to Norminster next week, and you will introduce me to Jane and your mother. I am only a rough fellow, but I love you, dearly, Polly, and you must speak for me. I'll promise to take all the care in the world of you if you'll be my precious little wife—don't you believe me, Polly?"

"I know you are very good, Bob, but I made up my mind long since that I could take care of myself," said Polly, with sudden, invincible, wicked quiet, that came to her aid from no one could tell whence.

"What on earth do you mean, Polly?" demanded Bob, startled out of his happy complacency.

"What I say. You are very kind, but—but I don't intend to marry."

Bob was posed for a moment, though not silenced. "Change your mind for *me*, Polly. Don't you think we could be happy together? I have quite set my heart on *you*; I cannot live without you."

"That is what all men say beforehand; but I have heard my mother talk. No, Bob; I shall make a better governess than wife; I am not cut out for anybody's wife."

"Let *me* judge of that, Polly: don't shake your head. What has come over you to be such a little savage all at once? You were very nice yesterday; why did you let a fellow go on worshipping you, if you meant to be so hard on him at last? I don't understand it; I won't believe you can seriously mean to use a fellow so badly. Is it true, then, that you don't care for me? is it true that you can't be happy with me—that you won't even think of it?"

There was no softening or promise in Polly's countenance. She was feeling that she had come through the dreaded ordeal wonderfully, and the pride and excitement of a complete victory over the traitor in her bosom sustained her. Bob was speechless for a few minutes. They approached the turn of Pickett's Lane. At the supreme moment he looked at her once more with wrathful love, and said, in a constrained voice, "Then you'll have nothing to do with me, Polly?" Her heart moved with a cruel spasm, but her, "No, Bob," came out cold, curt, and clear as a drop of iced water.

Bob stepped into the road as Laura checked the pony; the halt was not for half a minute, and he had disappeared, and Polly was left to enjoy the triumph of principle over natural affection.

Maggie understood but too well what had happened, and, doing by Polly as she would have been done by in similar circumstances, she took no notice of her disappointing friend until they arrived at the station. There were not two minutes to wait, and the train dashed in. Laura stayed outside with the pony. Maggie took Polly's ticket, saw her luggage safe and herself in a carriage alone; and then, just as the guard came along with his whistle and "All right," she kissed her, and said, with a sob, "I am awfully sorry, Polly; but it is your own fault. You deserve to die an old maid, and I believe you will!"

VI.

It may, perhaps, be anticipated that Polly repented at once, for she was certainly fond of Bob; but it cannot confidently be averred that she did. When she arrived at home, her mother and Jane thought her looking remarkably rosy and well; nothing was observed to be the matter with her spirits, and as she kept her own counsel about Bob's offer, she had neither praise nor blame to endure, nor question, nor comment, nor criticism. Mrs. Saunders did remark once, "You have not picked up a *beau* in the country, then, Miss Polly?" and her mother did rejoin that she hoped her girls had more sense than to dream of *beaux*, but that was the nearest allusion to the subject; and, when the holidays were over, she went back to the Warden House and resumed her school-room work, in her orderly systematic way, as if she had not a care or a thought beyond it. For a month or two Mrs. Stapylton lived in daily expectation of a notice that she must provide herself with another governess; but no notice coming, she concluded that Polly had missed her chance, and, as she suited her admirably in every way, she was not sorry. Maggie's letters were not much less frequent or affectionate than formerly, but Polly was not invited again to spend her holidays at the Grange, as was very natural. Nor did they meet. People may live half a lifetime within a few miles of each other, and never meet, if neither desire it; and the three years Miss Mill had decreed as the shortest time any governess who meant to prosper in her vocation should stay in her first place went over without ever bringing the two friends within eyesight of each other again.

Nobody died, meanwhile, and nobody was broken-hearted; only Mrs. Livingstone was once heard to say, bitterly, to Maggie, "Don't let me hear any more of your Polly Curtis!" and henceforth Polly's letters were read in private, and her name was never mentioned at the Grange. Bob was not the man to rave over a disappointment of the heart; he was more inclined to console himself in a way that was a sorrow to those at home. But Polly heard nothing of these consolations. When she mused of her old visits at Blackthorn Grange, which she did with a tender paradoxical regret (seeing how she had terminated them,) her imagination always represented everything there as it used to be, though she knew Laura and Fanny were married and gone, and that Mrs. Livingstone was no longer the active, strong house-mother she had been. And an unconscious change had come over Polly herself. A sweeter little woman to behold there was not, far nor near, though she dressed herself indifferently, as women do who have no desire or expectation of attracting. She had great fortitude at her tedious work, and never flagged: she improved herself by private study, and had economized a few pounds, which she meant to carry her to a foreign school, where she proposed to teach English in return for lessons in music and languages. Mrs. Curtis approved of her entirely, and Jane had ceased to complain. Yes, Polly was most exceeding reasonable and practical, and was an anxiety to no one; yet sometimes a terrible sense of isolation would come over her, and she would cry softly, with that old spasm of the heart, "O, what a fool I have been!" as if she was sorry for some past irretrievable blunder. She had no longer the conceit of her own strength that was so obtrusive in her at seventeen. She had heard other people talk besides her mother and Mrs. Sanders, and in the loving, kindly family where she was domesticated she saw quite the other side—the happy side—of married life. But she was naturally reserved, and as she had religiously kept her one offer to herself, so she kept her repentance (if it was repentance,) and at the three years' end she prepared to change the scene of her life, and go to Germany.

Maggie Livingstone shed a few vexed tears over Polly's letter which brought the first announcement of her projected travels, and her brother Bob surprised her again, as he had surprised her on the original occasion which led to Polly's first visit to the Grange. "Going to Germany, is she?" said he, when the communication of her affairs had been made to him—"going to Germany—"

"Yes, and I shall never see her again very likely. Poor little Polly! I was so fond of her, Bob!"

"Other people were fond of her, too, Maggie, but it was no use; she has not a bit of heart."

"Don't say that, Bob; she has heart enough for anything, but her head was crammed with ridiculous theories and nonsense. I daresay she is wiser now."

"We are all of us that when it's too late," rejoined Bob, and walked out of the room softly whistling.

It was the same evening that Maggie, addressing her brother, said: "Bob, you'll drive me into Lanswood on Saturday; I have written to ask Polly to meet me at Miss Wiggins's shop, if it is fair, for a last walk and talk together. I can't bear the thought of letting her go so far from home without a word of good-by."

"All right, Maggie," said Bob, with seeming indifference, but Maggie knew better than to believe it was real. She felt sure that when he did not hear or answer her further talk that he was musing of Polly—perhaps whether she was wiser or not now.

Polly was touched by Maggie's longing to see her again: "Dear old Maggie, she has forgiven me at last," she said.

Polly arrived first at the place of their appointment, and was sitting upstairs in Miss Wiggins's show-room when the Grange dog-cart stopped at the door. She looked out with a pale little emotional face, and the cruel wrench at her heart; but no one looked up from below. There was Bob dressed in mourning, and Maggie and a little boy also in mourning, and a groom behind, who assisted Maggie to alight, and then lifted the child down and set him on the pavement by her. Maggie took the boy by the hand to enter the shop, and Bob drove off up the street, and was out of sight before his sister could mount the stairs. Polly stood fronting the door, and as Maggie caught a view of her she cried: "Bless thy bonnie face, Polly, it's just the same as ever!" and they kissed with all the old love that used to be between them. And, of course, they cried a little together, until the appearance of Miss Wiggins, intent on business, obliged them to clear their countenances, and take an interest in the fashions.

Maggie said she wanted nothing for herself, but she would look at some children's spring coats; and while Miss Wiggins was bringing forth patterns she called the child to her knees, and, taking off his hat, ruffled up his hair, and asked Polly who he was like.

"He is like Bob," said Polly, and blushed with soft surprise.

"It is Bob's son," replied Maggie. "Kiss this pretty lady, Arty." Arty was nothing loath, and Polly having supplied him with a box of harmless sugar-plums from Miss Wiggins's various stores, he sat on a stool at their feet, and was extremely content with his own society while the friends talked in hushed and interrupted tones.

"A hundred things have happened at the Grange that I never told you of; but you may have heard whispers? No! You know nothing about it, then? You governesses live quite out of the world, I suppose," said Maggie, and paused.

"In a very quiet secluded little world of our own," said Polly, and lifted up the child's face to look at him again."

"He's pretty—isn't he? It was after—you know, what—Bob took up suddenly with a girl in the village, and though we never knew it until she was dead (she died last October) he was married to her, and Arty is his heir. Bob dotes on him, and my mother too; she insisted on having him brought home to the Grange, and if ever you go to our church again you'll see 'Alice, the faithful wife of Robert Livingstone' on the family monument. She was quite a common person, and Bob would never have acknowledged her in my mother's lifetime; but there's the story, and not so bad as it might have been. She was handsome, and she loved Bob, or she would never have borne being looked down on as she was for his sake, or have kept his secret. However, it is out now, and she is gone—"

"Hasn't Arty eaten sweeties enough for once?" insinuated Polly, caressing the child, but making no response to Maggie.

"Yes: give the box to aunty to put in her pocket," Maggie said, and Arty with a little unwillingness yielded it up.

Then the spring coats were looked at, and one chosen, and a garden hat, and Arty was put to sleep for an hour on Miss Wiggins's bed, while Polly and her friend took a walk by the river, and continued their conversation. All the news was on Maggie's side. Polly had none—literally none.

"And you never will have any while you go on living to yourself—your interests will lessen every day you live. Oh, Polly, it makes me sad to look at you, and to think what might have been," said Maggie, tenderly.

"Never mind! Let bygones be bygones," said Polly; but there were tears in her eyes, and almost a sob in her throat.

Then they discussed Fanny and Laura and Maggie's private concerns, which were in a promising way, and the time went so swiftly that they were five minutes behind the hour agreed on for Bob to take his sister and little son up at Miss Wiggins's shop to go home. The dog-cart, however, was not at the door, and Maggie said she was glad, for Bob did not like the mare to be kept standing. They ascended to the show-room to wait, and he was not long in coming; he was too soon, indeed, for half they had to say. At the sound of the wheels in the street, Polly offered herself for a last hug of her friend's kind arms, and Maggie was all in tears.

"You'll come down and speak to Bob, just for a minute?" said she, and Polly suffered herself to be entreated, and went with all her heart in her face.

Bob evidently expected her, though he colored when she appeared; and as he lifted his hat, she saw he was ever so much older, but he had his kind rallying smile for her, as he said:

"You wear well, Polly; better than most of us, I think."

"It is a calm life at the Warden House," said she, quite with a shaken voice.

"And so you are going all the way to Germany—going by yourself?"

"Yes." She had to stand aside for Maggie and the child to reach their places, and from the step of Miss Wiggins's shop she waved them all her good-by. She was still standing gazing after them, when Bob looked round before turning the corner of the street, and told Maggie to dry her tears and not fret.

"I can't help fretting when I think I shall perhaps never, never see her again; dear little thing that she is! Oh, Bob, if you had only waited to ask her till now that she's come to a right sense of things."

Bob made no answer to his sister's rueful adjuration; he was lost in thought of Polly's beauty and Polly's sweetness, as they were once and were still, and wondering whether she would have anything to do with him now.

Perhaps you can guess how it all ended, and I need tell you no more.

Yes. Bob asked Polly again, and Polly gave him a prettier answer this time. Mrs. Curtis cried at the wedding, and foreboded many evils, but they have not befallen yet. While waiting for them, she is, however, blessed in a standing grievance—namely, that Polly's one boy is not the eldest son, and will not inherit the Livingstone Manor. But she is not aware that she herself is to blame for this, her pet mortification, and Polly is not likely to tell her.

CATCHING SUNBEAMS.

Reaching after sunbeams
With a dimpled hand—
That is right, my darling,
Grasp the golden band.
Fold it to your bosom;
Let it cheer your heart;
Gather radiant sunbeams;
Bid the clouds depart.

When your feet shall wander
From my side away,
You will find that evil
With the good may stray.
Never heed it, darling,
Let it pass the while;
Gather only sunbeams!
Keep your hearts from guile.

Grief may be your portion,
Shadows dim your way;
Clouds may darkly threaten
To obscure the day.
Don't despair, my darling,
There's a Father's love;
How could there be shadows
With no light above?

—*The Little Corporal.*

THE DUENNA'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

TRICKS AND MANNERS.

If ever there was a tiresome, pert, aggravating minx of a girl in this world, that girl was that precious pupil of mine, Miss Jessica Flake. I have read in many novels—being partial to what a bishop the other day kindly called general literature—vivid descriptions of the indignities habitually heaped on friendless governesses by the amiable parents of their pupils, and I am prepared to say that they may all be endured with equanimity provided the pupils themselves are rational, advisable, *accountable* sort of girls. But when, in addition to behaving at all times in a manner calculated to nauseate every well-regulated mind, a young woman of nineteen, with every worldly advantage, and a considerable share of what I believe men consider beauty, takes to throwing in the teeth of a lady of—well, some years her senior, the natural desire for matrimony common to all her sex, and to dinning into her ears the necessarily large number of ladies who fail to attain to wedded happiness, the situation of preceptress really becomes almost unendurable. That I nevertheless *did* endure it for many years, and even afterwards accepted a position, if possible, still more repugnant to my feelings, may be ascribed to the fact that my salary certainly was munificent, that I was treated by Miss Flake's guardian—who was a wine merchant and a widower—with the greatest regard and consideration, and that for some hours at least of every day my time was my own. In fact, but for Jessica, I should have done very well; and as, but for her, my situation would not have existed at all, I was compelled by a hard fate to keep my grievances in my pocket and to tolerate the presence of—if I may be allowed a strong expression—my abhorred pupil.

Not that Jessica herself had any idea of my real sentiments towards her; on the contrary, her vanity led her to imagine that I really liked her society, and she bestowed a good deal of that valuable commodity upon me. She would come lolloping into my room of an afternoon in one of her rich silks—I believe she dressed by contract with Marshall's, for a box from that establishment arrived regularly every week—she would come lolloping in, I say, with her black hair tumbling untidily over her shoulders, and a vulgar red color in her cheeks, and throw herself down on the sofa by my window as saucily as you please.

"I'm afraid I'm too late for my German lesson," she would say. "I've been asleep in the sun under the chestnut tree, and never woke till just this minute. I hope you didn't stay in-doors for me, you dear old Mam?" (short for Miss Manners.)

Not choosing to notice her impertinence, I would make her no answer. Then she would coolly stretch out her hand for my book.

"What have you got there? Oh, you naughty, old, romantic thing! I thought I told you to read no more French novels. They'll only make you miserable and discontented. Dear me, it's a thousand pities everybody can't marry and live happily ever after, as they do in the books; but the sad fact is, that they can't. There's no fighting against statistics, you know. A million superfluous spinsters in Great Britain; 365,000 extra women, nearly all of the upper classes, in England alone! Think of all the heart-break, and struggle, and disappointment that represents! I needn't be one of them unless I choose, because I'm rich and clever, and I suppose I'm handsome; but I'm not sure that I shan't resolve to be an old maid, and lessen the competition. That will be bestowing one more chance upon you, don't you see? You may marry *my* husband, perhaps. Oh, you poor, kind soul, I'm afraid I'm hurting your feelings again. But you know I don't mean it; it's only in fun."

Fun! Fun to her, I dare say. That was the way she was always rattling on. On coming of age, Jessica, with her usual love of ostentation, had insisted on setting up a pony carriage, with a handsome pair of spirited ponies, which she was utterly unable to manage. However, she determined to try her hand, and of course I was condemned to risk my life by sitting by her side. As might have been expected, indeed as *was* expected by me, the ponies immediately ran away. The carriage was a low phaeton, and I could have stepped to the ground with perfect ease had my companion been any one but Jessica. "Sit still," she ordered in her imperious way. "For Heaven's sake be quiet. Hold on by the side and don't speak; I shall pull them up at the hill. I *will* not have you kill yourself!" I really had not courage to disobey her, so I fainted instead, and when I recovered consciousness I found myself lying on a bed in a cottage, with the ponies stamping before the door, with coats steaming and heads drooping, looking thoroughly ashamed of themselves, and Jessica and a gentlemanlike-looking man bending over me. It appeared that the ponies, having run as far as they thought proper, had stopped of their own

accord at a turnpike gate, and Jessica had had me lifted out and carried into the toll-man's cottage, and had sent for the doctor. Well, for once in her life I thought she might have done worse. He was very handsome—that could be seen at a glance—with a fine, open, intellectual face, and he was young; not boyish at all, but about, I should say, my own age. He gave me some sal-volatile, and I was soon able to look up and speak; I need hardly say that no power on earth should have induced me to trust myself a second time to my pupil's skill, and it ended by Dr. Reddiman good-naturedly offering to drive me himself, and to send a fly from the nearest inn to fetch Jessica, who was on too large a scale to perch on the seat which her little servant occupied behind the carriage. Shall I ever forget that drive? Shall I ever cease to recall the sensation of ineffable repose with which I leant back among the soft cushions, and watched that pair of strong hands upon the delicate white reins? Can I ever bury in oblivion the luxurious languishing rapture which filled my being, as, looking shyly upwards, my eyes rested upon a lovely brown beard, tipped with auburn? Alas, I can only reply—never, never. My companion was silent; but now and again he glanced towards me; once he drew my cloak closer. There was an indescribable something in this simple action which told its own tale; an indefinable tenderness pervaded his manner. For the moment I felt that whatever else life might have in store for us, we could not be parted. We were indissolubly, eternally united. The impression had doubtless been sudden, but it was clearly vivid, ineffaceable, and—mutual. I endeavored, as well as my emotion would allow, to thank him for his kindness.

"My dear madam, you owe me no thanks," he said; "I was only too happy to be at hand. To that young lady, Miss ——? Flake, thank you—to her courage and presence of mind you in all probability owe your life, *your* valuable life, my dear madam. Can she ever experience a greater happiness than in thus being the preserver of her friend?" and his eminently handsome eyes looked softly into mine. Then again, when the drive was over:

"You will allow me, I trust, to call upon you to-morrow? After such a shock as your nerves have sustained the greatest care will be necessary. And you will obey me, I am sure," he continued, with a smile, "even if I keep you a prisoner for a few days, to give the system time to recover:" and then he helped me to alight, pressed my hand, and, as the novels say, was gone—to take the ponies round to the stable.

A short period of bliss followed the events of that day. Dr. Reddiman called daily, and would accept no fees. Sometimes he brought me a bouquet of spring flowers, sometimes the last new novel, always his own admirable conversation. His visits were sometimes prolonged for hours. After such a *bouleversement*, I required, he said, amusement and cheerful society more than medicine, and it should be his business to provide his patient with what was best for her. He certainly kept me on my sofa for an unreasonable time; but I was well content to obey his directions, and had no desire to recover prematurely. The device was transparent, and but for the constant presence during these interviews of my detestable *chaperones*, and an objectionable habit she had taken up of following Dr. Reddiman out of the room to inquire his real opinion of me—the deceitful chit—I should have been perfectly happy.

About this time a peculiar softness seemed to have come over Jessica. She talked less about the 365,000 spinsters, seemed disposed to idle brooding, and more than once, when she turned round suddenly, I fancied that her eyes were moist. Jealous, my lady, are you? was my interpretation of her demeanor. So much the worse for you.

One night, after the household were in bed, she came into my room, looking like Lady Macbeth, with her long hair all hanging round her like a black cloak, and streaming over the scarlet skirt of her dressing-gown.

"You're not in bed, are you?" she said, as she came in. "I want to talk a bit to-night if I may. Somehow I can't sleep. I feel so excited, dear Man, and so—so happy."

She said no more, but sat down, and began gazing into the fire, which I still had in the evenings, as if she was trying to read her fortune in the hot coals. I don't know what possessed me at that moment to confide in her. I certainly never felt any inclination to do so before or since. However, it is the business of my readers, and not mine, to fathom my motives. Suffice it that I felt I must speak.

"My dear Jessica," I began, "I was just wishing for you." That was untrue, of course. There must have been something peculiar in my tone, for she turned round instantly, brush in hand, and looked at me. I could see that she was unprepared for what was to come. Having my suspicions as to the state of her feelings, I thought it best to go on, and put her out of her misery at once.

"I wanted to ask you a question, Jessica. Have you—have you ever noticed anything peculiar in Dr. Reddiman's manner?"

Her answer to this was to come and kneel by my sofa, to throw her arms round my neck in the most unexpected way, and to cry,

"Oh! you dear, clever woman, have you really found it out?"

This was an embarrassing way of receiving my communication, and I tried to speak again, but she cut me short.

"Don't you hate him for contriving to keep you quiet on your sofa all these days? I am afraid it was ill-behaved, but there was some excuse for it, wasn't there? you'll forgive it now, won't you?"

Her vehemence perplexed me. It always did.

"Of course, Jessica," I said, "I have observed a feeling growing up in Dr. Reddiman's mind, which—in short you seem to have noticed it too, but is it possible that he has said anything to you upon the subject?"

"Only to-day, dear. I would have told you if he had done so before. It wouldn't have been fair to tie the poor dear to her sofa an hour longer than necessary."

"You would, not, indeed, I trust, have kept me longer in suspense in a matter in which my happiness is so deeply involved. I appreciate the delicacy of the way Dr. Reddiman has chosen of making known his wishes. When you see him to-morrow, dear Jessica, you may tell him from me"—what made her stare at me so?—"that—that—that I am not altogether indifferent to his intentions."

I never saw in any face such a mixture of expressions as was in Jessica's at that moment. She suddenly jumped, with a *brusquerie* always particularly disagreeable to me, and burst out laughing. But in a moment she changed her tone.

"What have I done?" she cried, almost in a terrified voice; "I can't have been such an unlucky wretch as to have really deceived you by my unlucky pranks? Do tell me that I haven't been so cruel. Do tell me you are only joking. You never really thought Dr. Reddiman was paying attentions to you. You must have had an inkling of the truth. I have seen it from the first; and he pro—told me this morning that he liked me."

Upon this I did, I admit, that which I frankly own no lady of prudence and discretion ought under any provocation to be guilty of—I fairly flew into a passion. I restrained myself so far that I did not, as I longed to do, strike the false handsome face looking down upon me with its insulting expression of compassion, but I restrained myself no further. I told her I hated her; that she was the bane of my life; that she had always made my existence a burden to me; and that now she had deceived me, mocked me, and robbed me of all hope and happiness. I was beside myself for the moment, and I believe I added much more in the strain, to all of which she listened in silence, the false beautiful face growing whiter and whiter as I proceeded. When at last I became calmer, she hid her face in her hands.

"Dear Man," she said, in a low, trembling voice, "I am so sorry, so grieved. I see I am partly to blame for this, for I did help him to keep up the pretence of your being an invalid, but I never dreamt of really giving you a moment's pain. I thought that you were—that he was—that your ages were so unsuitable. Oh, dear," she broke off, with a half-laugh, "I'm afraid I'm getting into another scrape! I know," she went on, "you don't mean all you've been saying. I won't think of it again—never."

By this time I was collected enough to reflect that, after all, before the advent of Dr. Reddiman, I had other views, to which I will not at present further allude, but to the accomplishment of which Jessica's goodwill might be essential. I therefore did what Mrs. Dombey would *not* do—I "made an effort," and succeeded in repressing my feelings.

"My love," I said, "I fear I have been hasty. You must forgive me, for I am suffering. But after all, Jessica, I am indignant for your sake, as well as my own. I believe we have both been duped. Dr. Reddiman's manner was to me, I confess, unmistakeable; but doubtless he is poor, and when he learnt that I was poor also, while you, dear, are almost an heiress—"

That would not do. Jessica drew herself up, and flashed out upon me in an instant.

"How dare you accuse him of such wickedness? If I were as rich as Miss Burdett Coutts, I would be only too proud to pour all my sovereigns out at his feet, and let him do as he liked about me afterwards. There now!"

Well, it was clear the girl was infatuated, and there was no more to be said: Yes; one thing. I detained her as she prepared to leave me, and said:

"I suppose you would wish me to tell your guardian of this?"

"Oh! if you wouldn't mind."

"I will do so, Jessica; but you must pledge yourself never, under any circumstances, to mention this painful scene to him."

"Of course. Oh, I would never name it," she answered.

I was safe, then, so far; and at last she left me, and I was free to give myself up to my own solitary regrets. But, strange to say, my thoughts wandered. What would Mr. Fairbrother do when his ward should leave him? It was evident that *I* could not, as an unmarried woman, stay to keep his house. Yet the old gentleman would want a companion. Of course he would. And who would that companion be?

CHAPTER II.

NO SURRENDER.

If I disliked Jessica before, it cannot be supposed that I became much fonder of her after the conversation I have recorded. Her guardian having given his consent to her engagement, it fell to my lot, of course, to chaperone the lovers, and mortifying as was that duty, there were moments when it afforded me a dismal satisfaction. I did chaperone them with a vengeance. I never had my eye off Jessica; I never let her think that I was blind to her weak pretences of going to fetch her work just when Dr. Reddiman's step was heard in the hall. I was not on my sofa now at any rate; it was my turn to prevent tete-a-tetes, and I really don't think they had many.

But those two young idiots were so happy in their fool's paradise, and I really think they sometimes hardly knew whether I was in the room or not. The amount of philandering to which I was a witness, and the obtrusive spooniness of that deceitful serpent, Dr. Reddiman, would have astonished a weak mind. My mind being strong, it merely enraged me. Now and then, too, when they did seem to observe my presence, I could see a look of pity in their eyes, for which, naturally, I hated them all the more. Dr. Reddiman found it out, and from that time there was no love lost between him and me. Mr. Fairbrother, meanwhile, was pleased highly to approve of my constant solicitude for his ward, whom he was good enough to say he saw I treated like a younger sister. He and I used to play a quiet game of "ecarte," of an evening while those two were billing and cooing in the corner, or behind the curtains, or wherever they could best stow themselves away out of sight. Once Dr. Reddiman came behind me and looked over my hand.

"Do you propose?" said Mr. Fairbrother.

"Propose!" said the doctor with a sneer. "Oh, dear no. Miss Manners plays her cards too well for that. She would probably not have the same objection to accepting."

"But I dealt," said Mr. Fairbrother, innocently.

"Oh! I beg pardon. I have no doubt you are both perfectly well up in the game."

Very well tried, Dr. Francis Reddiman, but it did not succeed. I owed you one for it, and that was the only result.

That year had been one of unusual stir in the moneyed world. Early in the spring prices had begun to rise; month after month new companies, with imposing lists of directors who bartered their names for paid-up shares, were set afoot by enterprising promoters, and as fast as they started into existence, capital was supplied by a too sanguine public. At last the crash came. Hundreds of respectable merchants became insolvent, and in their downfall they overwhelmed houses whose stability had been a proverb almost for generations. Among these had been the house of Fairbrother, Fairbrother & Co., bankers. The two senior partners were first cousins of Jessica's, her fortune was in their hands, and one morning a clerk, rushing down by express train to Feltham, came to convey Jessica and her guardian the unlooked-for intelligence that the bank had stopped payment.

It became necessary that I should take some step, since Mr. Fairbrother, good, unselfish man, showed a perfect readiness to part with Jessica whenever she should be disposed to leave him for her husband's home, and had even begun to talk of fixing the week for the wedding. Things were all going wrong, as far as I was concerned, when the opportune news arrived that Jessica's fortune was gone—"I fear, irretrievably lost," her cousin wrote. Then it was that I found myself in a position to pay Dr. Reddiman that little debt of which I have spoken. I pointed out to Jessica the bitter disappointment he would feel on discovering that the heiress he believed himself to have won, was penniless. Rather to my surprise, Jessica controlled herself sufficiently to listen in silence. It was a provoking kind of silence, too; she heard all I had to say with a sort of languid, listless indifference, and I should have thought, hardly attended, but for one little word I heard her whisper to her guardian as she wished him good-night.

"I've written to tell Francis how things are changed," she said. "He had better not come here any more, I think. Oh! Guardy, it's very, very hard."

The next morning I was sitting in the garden under a weeping ash. It was a lovely summer day, and the air was full of the humming of bees and the glinting of sunbeams. Just outside the arbor, lying on the grass, with a book which she was pretending to read, was Jessica. Presently I saw Dr. Reddiman walking rapidly over the grass towards us. His foot-falls made no sound on the soft turf, and Jessica did not hear his approach. He stood by her for a moment, looking down on the top of her broad hat, then he flung himself on the grass by her side. He did not see me through the screen of leaves.

"Jessie," he said, "I've come to answer your letter. My darling, how could you think me such a mercenary wretch?"

She sat up, and stared at him in a dazed sort of way. Then, as he tried to put his arm round her, she repelled him, and rose to her feet.

"No," she said, slowly, and looking at him with her great eyes full of tears, as if *that* was the way to get rid of him; "no—not now, Doctor Reddiman, I meant what I said in my letter. Now I'm a beggar I won't marry you."

"My dearest, what foolish fancy is this? It never would have come into that pretty head of yours of its own accord. I know that stupid old maid has been talking to you."

So that was the way I was spoken of between them. She never checked him. She had quite forgotten that I was within hearing.

"Francis," she said, "listen to me. Of course I can't help knowing how men think about money. It sometimes sickens me to see how their happiness depends upon it; but so it is. If I came to you without a sixpence, you would be kind to me, I am sure; but I should always feel that I was a burden to you, and it would kill me, and I won't do it. Let me alone, Doctor Reddiman, don't you see how it hurts me to speak so?"

He drew back offended.

"It seems to me," he said, "that if I can bear the loss of your fortune, you surely may. Of course it is a disappointment, and it may possibly delay our marriage, but it is unbecoming in a woman—"

"Ah, yes, a woman?" she interrupted him. "A woman is to have no will, and no pride, and no feelings like a man? Before this happened, it was all fair. You would have made money, and I had it. But now I mean to go out into the world, and earn my own living like an honest woman. After all," and she gave a sob, "I shall be no worse off than others. There are 365,000 unmarried women in England—"

"Three hundred and sixty-five thousand fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the doctor, evidently losing his temper, "how can you be so childish? I took you for a sensible girl? and you behave like a miss of fifteen. I suppose you don't wish me to be glad that your cousin's bank has smashed? I tell you I love you for yourself, and what would you have more?"

"This," said that goose, on whom certainly my lessons had not been thrown away, "can you say, on your honor, that if you had known from the very first that I had nothing, you would have—would have—cared for me?"

The doctor flushed angrily.

"Jessica, you are unreasonable," he said. "You have no right to ask such questions. Before a man allows himself to become attached to a woman, he is bound to consider her position and his own. That does not make his love the less disinterested."

"Ah," she said, with a long sigh. "Yes, that is just as I thought."

All of a sudden, she seized his hand and kissed it.

"Good-bye, Dr. Reddiman," she said, "I—I'm sorry to grieve you, but I must work for my bread, and perhaps some day we may meet upon equal terms. Think of me as kindly as you can. I shan't easily forget you. Good-bye;" and she turned from him and walked quickly towards the house. The doctor stood looking after her with a black frown upon his brow, but he did not attempt to follow her. And so they parted in anger.

All the rest of that day Jessica's face was fixed and resolute, and she spoke to no one. In the evening a note came from Dr. Reddiman, and happening to pass behind Jessica shortly afterwards, my eyes fell upon it and her answer. His note ran thus:

"MY OWN DEAREST JESSICA—I fear I seemed harsh to you to-day. Forgive me, my darling, and think no more of it. It was the notion of your struggling all alone with the world that drove me wild? Did you think I would allow my wife to degrade herself in that way? It is a man's duty to make his own way through life, and a woman's to be soft and dependent, as I mean you, my sweetest, to be.

"Your devoted lover,

"FRANCES REDDIMAN."

How astoundingly little men know about women! All their lives they are close to us, as sons, brothers, husbands, till we can play blindfold upon their heart-strings; but as for them, *au bout du compte*, they might as well be monks for all the wisdom they show in their dealings with us. Of course such a note as Dr. Reddiman's was quite certain to make Jessica take the bit between her teeth, It did so effectually.

"DEAR DR. REDDIMAN," she wrote, "I fear our ideas of propriety differ widely. That being the case, it is much better that we should part. What would you think of me if I pretended to think it a degradation to you to earn your own livelihood? Forgive me if I pain you.

"Yours, JESSICA FLAKE."

After that an atmosphere of mystery seemed to pervade the house. New trunks came home for Jessica; she cut her hair short and a forest of soft, silky, black curls blossomed out all over her head; she began to dress with a severe simplicity, to sit upright in her chair, and to abstain from five o'clock tea. It was manifest that some change was impending; but what it was did not transpire until one day Mr. Fairbrother sent for me into his study.

Now, on other occasions when my employer had wished to speak to me, he had either looked into the drawing-room, or postponed the conversation until the evening. Into his own private sanctum I had never before been admitted, and I don't mind owning in this veracious record, that the summons was agitating. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave. An old man's darling! There was something particularly gratifying in the sound of those words. Decidedly, as the French say, *cela me flattait l'oreille*.

When I presented myself, Mr. Fairbrother was walking up and down his study. He was round and rosy, and not very old; but his partiality for his own "thirty" port had imparted a specially rubicund tinge to his Roman nose, which, sad to relate, terminated in a pimple. He was very trim and particular in dress, and all the hair he had, which was not much, he wore brushed up in a frill round his bald head.

"Miss Manners, ma'am," he began, as soon as I appeared, "are you aware of what has occurred? Jessica has left my house, and declines to return until she has made a fortune for herself. In the name of all that is idiotic, may I ask if you encouraged her in this mad prank?"

"My dear sir, *I* encourage her in anything contrary to your wishes!"

"You wouldn't, eh?" he said, stopping in his walk, and eyeing me with a queer expression. "Well, I thought not. But upon my word I don't know what the world's coming to. I do assure you the preposterous stuff that girl has talked to me during the last week would be enough to make your hair stand on end." And then he rubbed his nose violently, carefully avoiding the pimple.

"Consider, sir," I said, "that Jessica is young."

"Old enough to know better," he replied promptly. "She actually declared to me in this room that women had been oppressed and crushed ever since the creation, and she, for one, wouldn't stand it any longer. And, by Jove, when I asked her why she should set up for being wiser than her mother and her grandmother before her, she said she thought it very probable that her grandmother had been an old muff, and as for her poor dear mother, she had no doubt she hadn't dared to say her soul was her own. The upshot of it all was that Miss Jessica meant to be independent, and, accordingly, she's gone to—, I beg pardon, did you speak?"

"I asked if Jessica had broken off her engagement with Dr. Reddiman?"

"Oh dear, yes. She has thrown him over for some inexplicable reason—probably because he wished her to wear petticoats. If I understood her, she said wives were no better than slaves. Dear me! how warm I've made myself! It's no wonder, ma'am, is it?" and throwing himself into an arm-chair, Mr. Fairbrother began to wipe his shining head.

This was by no means the mood in which I wished to see him; but though irascible, he was really good-nature itself, and I knew that if he was let alone, he would speedily cool. Accordingly, I looked down at the carpet, and said nothing. In a minute or two he stood up, shook himself, blew his nose, looked at me, took a turn in the room, and finally began to speak in quite a different tone.

"Miss Manners, ma'am, I'm afraid I've shocked you. I'm an old fellow, you see, and I don't take kindly to these new-fangled notions. Perhaps you think me an old fool too; but that girl's obstinacy is enough to distract one. However, she is gone, and I sent for you, Miss Manners, to entreat you, as the greatest favor you can do me—"

At last! He stood by my chair; he lowered his voice; he *almost* took my hand. A favor—What favor could he ask but one?

"—— to follow her. Confound her! so young, and pretty, and taking as she is, there is no end to the scrapes she will get into, and she has just enough money to pay for bread and butter; so I can't starve her into submission at present. She absolutely refuses to let me provide her with a companion. She wants to be independent, she says; but she can't hinder your living close by her, at my expense, and following her about, and keeping an eye upon her, and that sort of thing. Would you do it, ma'am, and let me know how she gets on?"

To keep an eye on Jessica! that was all. Ah, me! how women's hearts are made to flutter in vain.

I longed to refuse; yet if I did so, where would be my salary? Where also would be my cherished hopes—I will not blush to confess them—of yet becoming the mistress of Mr. Fairbrother's house? I swallowed my disappointment, and took my resolution.

"Sir," I said "there is nothing which I would not undertake for Jessica's sake—and for yours. Ease, comfort, health itself shall be sacrificed at your request."

"Well, I hope it won't be quite so bad as that," said he, with rather a comical smile; "but at any rate I am much obliged to you for consenting. When can you be ready?"

"You have not yet told me, sir, where Jessica has gone."

"Bless my soul, haven't I? Why that's the maddest part of the whole ridiculous business. She's gone to London; and if you'll believe me, ma'am, she swears she'll be an apothecary."

CHAPTER III.

THE STRUGGLE.

Jessica made, in my opinion, a most miserable *fiasco* of her first few days in London. Though living so near town, she had only been there on rare occasions, and she was totally unused to London life. Also, she had always worn a hat, and a bonnet, when set upon her short curls, behaved like an ear of rye in one's sleeve, working itself gradually backwards till it was quite off her head. Then, too, she could not *look* as if she was accustomed to independence. Not that she had a grain of proper pride. She would have nodded to a duchess, if she had known one to nod to, with precisely the same familiarity out of the window of a twopenny 'bus as from the grandest barouche in the park, and she would have talked to the Prince of Wales, had he come in her way, with quite as little embarrassment as to a sociable chimney-sweep, or *vice versa*. But when it came to walking by herself, there was a consciousness about her, a sort of unnecessary dash, and a manifest nervousness, by which a baby might have told how new to it she was. This was perhaps increased by her knowledge that a lady followed her at a distance, say of twenty yards, whose sole business was to watch her movements. But she did not go out much. She had taken a lodging in a mournful street of small, dull houses, and there she spent the greater part of every day—I suppose in study. She wrote to her guardian to tell him that she was working hard, and intended in a few months to present herself for examination, with the view of becoming a regular licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries. One lady had already obtained this diploma, and Jessica believed she had every prospect of success.

"There never has been any insanity in the family, but the girl must have a screw loose somewhere, you know."

Thus spoke Mr. Fairbrother, sitting in the small, but I trust elegant apartment, which I had engaged near Jessica's. He was often in town, and after calling upon her, would come to partake of tea and crumpets in my humble abode. Thus was I cheered upon the path of self-sacrificing duty. Day by day it became clearer to me that my destiny was fulfilling itself at last. In Mr. Fairbrother, though the age for romance was perhaps over, I discovered exactly those solid qualities most essential to my happiness. As for him, I seemed to see the expression of his feelings tremble upon his lip. Hitherto, however, he had ventured upon nothing warmer than gratitude. It should be my pleasant duty gently to encourage him. With some natures timidity remains, even when the meridian of life is passed.

"You take the matter too seriously, dear sir," I said, answering his last words. "You are allowing your anxiety for this wilful girl to tell upon your health."

"Why, there's not much amiss with that," said he, glancing complacently down at his portly person, "but I am annoyed about Jessica, I admit. If she would even allow you to live with her it would be a different matter; but she is just as headstrong and pig-headed as she can possibly be. She says—"

At this moment a ring at the bell was heard; there was a rustle on the stairs, the door opened, and a prim elderly woman entered the room rather rapidly, as if urged on and almost propelled by some one from behind. In a second she was followed by Jessica herself, her face flushed, her eyes sparkling, and her bonnet, as usual, hanging on her neck.

"I've been insulted, Mr. Fairbrother," she cried out as soon as she saw him; "this woman has dared to give me notice to leave her lodgings, because she says I am a discredit to them. Notice! as if I would ever put my foot in them again! But I was determined she should come and hear something about me from some one who has known me for years. Miss Manners, will you please speak to her?"

"I am sure, ma'am," said the woman, folding her hands awkwardly in the ends of her shawl, "I don't want to give no offence, but I've always kep' my lodgings quiet and respectable, and my first floor front, as has lived years in my house, she says to me—"

Jessica was about to break in, but Mr. Fairbrother interposed.

"Come, Jess, don't be a termagant. Let's hear what she has to say."

"She says to me—she says—'I can't stay no longer with you, Mrs. Jones, which you've made me that comfortable as I'd gladly do, seein' there's a young person living alone downstairs, with a forrin gentleman a-comin' to see her every day regular, and settin' for hours in her room, which is a kind of thing I cannot abide, neither won't.'"

"He is my teacher of physiology; he is Swiss," said Jessica more quietly.

"So, whatever could I do?" appealing to Mr. Fairbrother and me. "I'm sorry to hurt any one, which well I knows we all has our feelins; but though a teacher, still a man is a man, and I'm bound to consider the wishes of my lodgers as is my daily bread. And I'm free to say for my own self," she continued with increasing energy, "that I do not like skulls and limbs, and sich like brought into my house, which always give me the creeps, and ain't right besides in a parlor."

Jessica could not keep her countenance at that, so she laughed, and then tried to look as if she hadn't.

"There—there—my good woman, I understand—I quite understand, and I don't blame you," said Mr. Fairbrother, pushing her out before him on to the landing; and after a short interview with her there he returned alone. As soon as he came in, Jessica went up and kissed him.

"Oh, Guardy," said she, "what a set of helpless fools women must be, that when one of them tries quietly to do some work in the world she should risk her good name, and be pointed at as a kind of curious animal into the bargain."

"Come home with me, Jessica," he said.

"No," she said, "I won't be such a coward as that. I think I'll have my teeth pulled out and wear a sandy wig;" and then she laughed rather sadly. "Look here, Guardy, if you wish it, and Miss Manners will have me, I'll live here with her for the present. Only till I've got my diploma, though. For, oh dear! only think of an apothecary with a chaperon."

So it was settled, and there were no more quiet chats with Mr. Fairbrother for me. Yet he came frequently; not, surely, only to see Jessica. Why! oh, why did he not speak?

Throughout the autumn and winter Jessica worked like a slave. Every day came the teacher of physiology, a tall, gaunt, German Swiss, with shining spectacles, an immense yellow beard, and a ridiculously small voice for his size. Her various studies occupied Jessica nearly all the day, and with her usual want of consideration, she would keep me awake half the night by tramping over my head, reading aloud. At length, in February, 1867, she declared

herself prepared for the first examination, and wrote to Apothecaries' Hall to inquire when she should present herself. When the answer came she was sitting at a table with Herr Professor Gudwig, intent upon a disgusting looking object, which I understood to be part of the spine of a kangaroo rat.

She seized the letter, knowing by the seal whence it came, and tore it open. As she read she changed color.

"Look, look at that!" she cried, throwing it to me. "All my work wasted—all—all. And I have tried my very best. What shall I do?"

The letter was as follows:

"APOTHECARIES' HALL,
"LONDON, E. C.

"MADAM—I am directed by the Chairman of the Court of Examiners to call your attention to the following resolution just passed by the Court:—'Resolved, That the Court of Examiners refuse to receive any certificates of lectures, or of anatomical instructions, delivered in private to students, apart from the ordinary classes of recognized public medical schools.'

"I am, Madam,
"Your obedient servant,
"B—— P—— W——, Sec."

After I had finished the letter, Herr Gudwig took it up and read it also.

"Die English are a strange people," he said, peering through his spectacles at Jessica as she sat with her hands clasped on the lap of her black dress. "Die men dey choose to be free, but dey always want die women for dere slaves. I dare to say dey have made dis rule on purpose to keep die doctoring work to demselves. Dey are jealous, dat is what it is. But what signifies it? In my country, in Zurich, many ladies take diplomas, and dey willingly lectures wid die students attend. Why should not die Fraulein do de same in England?"

Jessica turned her head eagerly towards him, and then, shading her eyes with her hand, she thought for a minute.

"I will!" she cried, suddenly flushing and starting up. "Herr Gudwig, you are quite right. I will not give way. I am trying to live like a brave, honest woman. Why should I be ashamed of studying before all the world?"

That very afternoon I was obliged, sorely against my will, to accompany Jessica to a certain school of medicine, whose lectures she proposed to honor with her attendance. It was a biting day, with a steel-gray sky, a cutting east wind, and short gusts of sleet at intervals; a nice day, indeed, for a lady to be dragged, at a dashing pace, across the park, by the most unreasonable and uncongenial of companions. Oh! Mr. Fairbrother, Mr. Fairbrother, what was I not enduring for your sake?

I don't know how Jessica may have felt, but I was cold, and draggled, and miserable by the time we reached the hospital. We were shown into a small room, where sat a grave, elderly physician, and in which we found also a much younger man, who, after the first few words, disappeared.

"My dear young lady," said Doctor A——, looking at Jessica, apparently with approbation, when she had poured out, in her vehement way, the reason that induced her to come to him, "I am sincerely sorry to disappoint you, but it is impossible for you to attend the lectures of this school. I myself am one of those who think that the struggle which women are making to compete on equal terms with men is worthy of all praise, but others think differently. The students would not admit you to their lecture-room, nor could I protect you from positive insult if you were there."

"Do you mean that it is hopeless—that I must give up, after all?" asked Jessica, in a high-pitched voice full of pain.

"I fear so. I would not discourage you if I were not certain that your wishes cannot be accomplished. Opinion has, for the present, put its veto upon the efforts of your sex in this direction."

Jessica made no reply. She bit her lip till all the color went out of it, and drawing down her veil, she turned away without a word. As I followed her out of the house, I was weak enough almost to pity her. Deeply as she had injured me, I could have found it in my heart to help her at that moment.

She held her head down, and shivered as she felt the cold air. On the steps a few students were loitering, mostly young men of about twenty. There were glancings and mutterings among them as Jessica came out. One of them laughed insolently; another stood in her path, and stooped as if to look through her veil; immediately she threw it back, and raising her head, she stood perfectly still, facing them. Her cheeks were tear-stained, but there was such a light in her eyes as I had never seen there before. With her heightened color, and proud, quivering mouth, she certainly did look very beautiful. There was a dead silence; she stood so for a moment, and then, bowing her head, she went down the steps, the young men making way for her respectfully. We walked on without speaking for some time, when suddenly a thin voice whispered in Jessica's ear:

"Has die Fraulein made her arrangements? Will she want me now no more?"

There was no reply, and Herr Gudwig repeated his question.

"They won't let me come," Jessica burst out at last. "My work is all thrown away; all my schemes have come to an end; but I will make new ones; they shall not baffle me. I will never go back to be the miserable, idle, futile creature that most women are to the end of the chapter!"

"So!" said the Swiss, stalking slowly by her side, "so! die Fraulin has been disappointed? nevare mind, we can put that to right. All things will be right if die Fraulein will only come to Zurich—wid me—als meine Braut—Oh! willst Du?" And the yellow beard approached so closely to her face, that a whiff of stale tobacco-smoke came across to me on the other side. Jessica shrank from him with a look of dismay.

"Et tu, Brute," she muttered to herself.

The teacher of physiology caught the words; the yellow beard became suddenly elongated, and a ludicrous expression of grief came into the watery blue eyes.

Die Fraulein might still be eine Frau Doctorinn if she would consent," he pleaded. "Is it not of her I have been thinking all through the long lessons, more than of die bones? Physiologie is good, but ah! love" (he pronounced it loave) "love is better."

Jessica at last found voice to answer; but when she spoke, it was very slowly.

"I thought you, at any rate, understood me," she said, imploringly. "If I have raised any false hopes, God knows it has been unintentional. I hope you may be able to forgive me. At least, spare me just now. Life seems so difficult and it is very terrible to me to think I may have wronged you. But as you are a gentleman, Herr Gudwig, and I am sure you are, I entreat you not to speak to me again this way."

The poor fellow gnawed his beard, and made some guttural sound, as though he were about to speak again; but if so, he changed his mind. With one more appealing look, he fell back, and allowed us to proceed alone.

As he left us, the snow began again to fall fast, and the gusts of wind fired it in volleys in our faces, so that speech, and even sight, became difficult. We had taken our homeward way through certain quiet streets more sheltered than the Park, and, fighting against the weather, with our veils drawn close, we found ourselves, before we were aware of it, on the verge of a group that was almost a crowd, chiefly composed of women and lads, who were watching two men fighting—fighting, that is, so far as that one of them, apparently the more powerful of the two, was struggling violently to escape, while the other, who wore the dress of a gentleman, with his hand twisted in his opponent's coat-collar, was energetically endeavoring to detain him. The prisoner used his fists manfully and effectually, and his captor, still holding on, gave now and then a rapid glance round, as if in search of a policeman. But no such assistance was at hand. The women huddled together, half attracted and half terrified by the sight; the lads danced round the combatants with unmixed delight, encouraging both sides impartially.

"Hold tight, sir. I see him come behind yer and try to garrote yer. I'll be witness, sir."

"Pitch into him, old cock; you'll get away if you do."

"What are you a-grinning at, Bob? Why don't yer fetch a p'leeceman for the gentleman?"

The pair appeared to be about equally matched; but the gentleman would not return the blows of his prisoner, contenting himself with warding them off as well as he could. At last the ruffian threw himself backwards with a jerk, and getting his leg round the leg of his captor, gave a sudden wrench, and the coat-collar acting as a lever, the gentleman fell heavily to the ground. The other recovered himself, and darted away, the falling snow speedily hiding him from sight.

Up to this moment Jessica had been simply waiting to pass, thinking the fight was a mere good-humored brawl. So at least she said afterwards, in excuse for not having turned back at once, as I begged her to do; but as she was never in the habit of following my advice, that circumstance hardly required explanation. However, we both heard the thud of the fall upon the pavement, and in the second before the crowd closed in Jessica had seen that the prostrate figure was as still and motionless as death. Instantly she pressed forward.

"Let me pass, good people," she urged; "I may be of use. I understand something of doctoring. Pray let me pass."

The people stared at her with surprise, but made room for her. The wild young spirits had been completely subdued by the unexpected seriousness of the catastrophe, and some of them were gently raising the arm of the unconscious man, and pressing his shoulder in hopes of rousing him. Any help was welcome, and with something of the instinctive respect with which a doctor is received on such an occasion, Jessica was allowed to make her way through the gathering throng. All at once she rushed forward with a half-stifled cry; the swaying crowd gave way a little, and I, from a door-step on which I had taken refuge, beheld my pupil, Jessica Flake, seated on the pavement in the midst of the snow, while supported on her knee, with closed eyes and bleeding lips, lay Dr. Reddiman's insensible head.

CHAPTER IV.

DEFEAT OR VICTORY?

However delightful Mr. Tennyson may find it to "stand on a tower in the wet," a sloppy door-step is by no means an agreeable post of observation. It is astonishing to me that my constitution endured all I went through that day. Nobody paid any attention to *me;* a dozen men were ready to help Jessica, and eager to obey her orders. They lifted Dr. Reddiman, still unconscious, into a cab, she getting in with him and supporting his head. Positively the cabman was on the point of driving off before she recollected my existence. Then she beckoned, and in a second the crowd pushed me roughly forward to the cab-door.

"I am going to take him home, Man," she said, "to our lodging. No one knows where he lives, and there must be no delay. Follow as soon as you can; there is not room for you to get in."

Having given her orders in this way, the cab drove off, and I, turning sadly homewards, numbed, chilled, and wet to the skin, almost ran against Mr. Fairbrother.

"Is this your care of Jessica, ma'am?" he cried out. "As sure as you're a living woman, I saw her go by in a cab this moment, with a man's head upon her shoulder."

"Yes, sir," I said, "I know it. It was Dr. Reddiman."

"The deuce it was. When we all begged and implored her to marry him respectably, why couldn't she do it? And you mean to say she has gone off with him after all?"

"Not exactly that, sir, because he is insensible."

Mr. Fairbrother looked as if he must immediately be driven out of his mind by this reply. As soon as he would listen with anything like calmness, I explained the matter.

"Whew—w!" he said, when he had heard it. "Nothing could be more unfortunate. Well, ma'am, I suppose there's nothing for it but to go and look after her, instead of standing here to be frozen. If she won't hear reason now, I declare I will wash my hands of her for the future."

I need hardly describe my feelings on finding, when we reached the lodging, that Jessica had had Dr. Reddiman taken into my own bed-room, as the largest room, and there she was herself employed in binding up his head, without waiting for the arrival of the surgeon who had been sent for. When he came he looked at her with extreme surprise.

"Could not have done it better myself," he pronounced, after examining the bandages; "and delay might have been fatal. If he lives, it will be as much owing to your skill as mine. But he is in a most critical state."

After that it was quite hopeless to induce Jessica to leave him.

"You may say what you please, but I shall stay with him; of course I shall," she said, in answer to Mr. Fairbrother's remonstrances. "Do you suppose I would leave him to be taken care of by a hospital nurse?"

"Jessica, have you no sense of propriety?"

"No!" she said, and as she spoke her eyes seemed to dilate—"none that would send me from his bedside at such a time as this. What place on earth could be so fitting for me now?"

When she was gone, I hinted that, under the circumstances, I could hardly be expected to remain, but I was overruled in an instant.

"My dear good lady, don't talk of leaving her. I beg—I entreat—in fact, I insist upon your staying. Only for a short time, I trust. If he recovers, I declare I'll make her over to him, if I have to take her to church by force, and then—then I shall endeavor to show my gratitude to you."

What answer could I make to such a speech? I promised to have patience.

For many days Dr. Reddiman hovered between life and death. Delirium and unconsciousness alternated. The most extreme quiet was necessary, and Jessica went in and out as quietly as a ghost, and looking almost as white. Herr Professor Gudwig called, and, hearing what had happened, came every day to see if he could be of use. Sometimes Jessica would sit with him for a few minutes; oftener he went away without seeing her. He was contented to be within the sound of her footstep, and to be allowed to fetch-and-carry for her like a slave. His face seemed daily to grow longer, and his blue eyes more watery.

At length consciousness began to return to Dr. Reddiman—slowly, and with frequent intervals of wandering. Sometimes he knew Jessica, and called her by her name, but he never showed any surprise at her presence. The address of a married sister, his only relation living near London, was, after a time, ascertained.

"She had better be sent for," said the surgeon; "we are not out of the wood yet."

Accordingly a letter was written, and on the next day came a thin, fair, soft-voiced woman of about forty, exquisitely dressed, and so tall that she towered even over Jessica.

"Mrs. Murray, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the lady, rather grimly, looking Jessica over from head to foot, and gazing especially at her left hand.

"I must ask you to wait a little. Thank God, your brother is asleep—the first real sleep he has had. It is only just in time; he will be saved now," and her lip quivered.

"When did the accident occur?" inquired Mrs. Murray, in the same tone.

"A week ago. He has been very, very ill ever since. Till yesterday we did not know your address, and he was in no state to be asked.

"It seems strange, but I suppose he was too well cared for to wish to see his sister," said Mrs. Murray, with a touch of satire in her voice. Have I the pleasure of speaking to his—wife?"

"No," said Jessica, blushing deeply.

"No doubt you are at least engaged to him?"

"I am not."

"Then may I ask what has procured him the honor of the attendance of a young *lady?*" asked Mrs. Murray, laying great stress upon the word.

If Jessica had not perversely persisted in sitting up every night, even when she could be of no use, she would have been better able to bear the question, and the tone in which it was put. As it was, she said not a word, but, sitting down in a chair, she hid her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"You are one bad, base, superstitious woman!" said a thin voice at Mrs. Murray's ear, in a loud whisper.

She started.

"You insult dat angel! You make to cry dat pure, innocent God's creature! You are nozing but a superstitious poltroon!"

He brought the last words out with a flourish, as if he considered them a triumph of idiomatic English, as no doubt he did.

Mrs. Murray was so taken aback by this unexpected attack, that it seemed to take away her breath.

"Pray may I be permitted to inquire who you are, sir," she said at length, "and why you should interfere in this matter?"

"It signifies nozing who I am," said Herr Gudwig, his face crimsoning with indignation as he glanced at Jessica. "I am die friend of de Fraulein. I will not have her affronted. Dis is her house. You go dis moment out of it," and he opened the door and pointed to it.

"I shall see my brother before I stir," said Mrs. Murray, endeavoring to stand her ground. "Heaven only knows how he got among such a set of people. He must have been entrapped in some way. How can I tell whether it is true that he is asleep?"

"You will not see your broder—not dis time," retorted Herr Gudwig, now fairly in a passion. "When he is awake he can send for you again, if he wish. If you go not out of dis house I will tell you some more truth. You are a—"

His energy conquered her. Before he had finished his sentence she retreated to the passage.

He followed, talking and gesticulating with his long arms, till she fairly fled, and he actually put her into her cab and saw it drive off before he returned.

A few hours later Dr. Reddiman awoke, and for the first time his mind was entirely clear. When his sister was mentioned, it appeared that they had not met for years, and he showed such a decided dislike to seeing her that the subject was dropped. As for Jessica, it seemed as if he could hardly bear her out of his sight. Indeed, from that time I never believed him to be quite as ill as they made out. I can only say that up to the time when he could listen to her reading, and lie holding her hand and looking into her eyes for hours, his recovery was very rapid, and beyond that point it was very slow indeed. One evening she was sitting by him in the firelight.

"Jessie."

"I am here," she said, putting back the curtain.

"How many weeks have you been with me? Were you here before I came to myself?"

"Ever since the accident," she said.

"I knew it," he said, stretching out his thin fingers to take hers. "Sometimes I thought it was a dream, but I always knew you were there. And sometimes, oh! Jessie, my love, my dearest, I thought you were my wife."

And she bent over him, and whispered—*I* heard her—"Not your wife yet, Frank; but if you will have it so, I will be."

* * * * *

"Well, Jess, when shall you be President of the Council of Physicians?" asked Mr. Fairbrother. He had just had a long talk with Dr. Reddiman, and had come out of his room in high good humor. Or is it to be Apothecary to the Queen and Royal Family?"

Trust a man for hitting one when one is down. They will all do it—even the best of them

"Don't chaff me, Guardy," said Jessica. "*He* doesn't, and it isn't generous. You know all that's a sore subject."

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Mr. Fairbrother, not at all inclined to spare her. "I congratulate you on your return to common sense. It's hard if I mayn't poke a bit of fun at you after all the trouble you've given me. I hope I've heard the last of the 365,000 superfluous spinsters. Eh, Jess?"

"Guardy," said Jessica, and for once she spoke humbly, "I know I've been defeated. Women who want to do anything for themselves in the world have a hard battle to fight, and it's been too much for my strength. Things will be different years hence. Perhaps some great genius will arise, and lead the way for us. Meanwhile, God help women who are not married and cannot hope to be, for they have desolate lives to lead! Well, I don't think I shall be a worse wife for having tried what it feels like."

They were to be married at Feltham on the first of May. The preparations for the wedding devolved upon me, of course. It was in vain to expect any help from Jessica. I can't say I saw any improvement in her. "The less fuss the better," was all she would say when she was consulted, and Dr. Reddiman seemed to be quite of her opinion. But Mr. Fairbrother was evidently gratified by my resuming the direction of his establishment; and the very servants began, I could see, to perceive the way in which things were tending.

At length the day arrived—Jessica's wedding-day, and that on which I felt that my own fate would be likewise sealed. It was a warm old-fashioned May day. With trembling hands I tied the strings of the pink bonnet—pink was Mr. Fairbrother's favorite color—which I had purchased for the occasion, and we proceeded to church. There were no guests. Mr. Fairbrother gave away the bride with a radiant face, and the ceremony was soon over. As we were leaving the vestry, a well-known yellow beard showed itself in the doorway.

"I wish much joy," said its owner, making his way to Jessica; "now dat I have seen dis happy spectacles I shall be better. I come to wish good-bye too. England suits me no more. I am going home—to Zurich."

Jessica held out her hand and tried to speak. Apparently she was unable to do so, for, after a little pause, she absolutely looked him full in the face, stood on tip-toe, and kissed him. I hope Dr. Reddiman liked it.

The time for the departure of the bride and bridegroom had nearly arrived, when, tired and impatient, though full of hope, I sat down for a moment's rest in the back drawing-room. My chair was partly hidden by the folding-door, half of which was closed, and before I was aware of it, Mr. Fairbrother, Dr. Reddiman, and Jessica entered the front room together. They stood for a moment by the window talking. My hand shakes as I transcribe what I then heard. Dr. Reddiman was speaking, and the words which he said were these:—

"Well, then, I suppose you'll be glad to get rid of the Old Cat as soon as you can. It will be good riddance of bad goods in my opinion."

For a second indignation kept me silent; then I started up.

"I am here," I cried; "I have heard your unmanly words. I know to whom you allude. Mr. Fairbrother, will you allow me to be so spoken of in your hearing?"

A look of blank amazement overspread their faces.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Fairbrother, coming towards me; "Frank did not mean it. It was a slip of the tongue, and he will apologize. I am quite aware of the obligations I am under to you, my dear ma'am, and as to leaving this house, I wish you to take your time about it, and consult your own convenience entirely."

At these words I flung prudence to the winds. Now, or never, was the time to speak.

"Leave this house," I cried, "this house that I have been taught to consider as my home! Is it possible that you have basely deceived me? What was the meaning of all the hints by which you persuaded me to endure that dreadful life in London?"

"Hush, hush, my dear ma'am," said Mr. Fairbrother, "pray don't excite yourself. I told you I should prove my gratitude, and I intend to keep my word. Do me the favor to accept of this," and drawing a check from his pocket, he actually dared to offer it to me.

I spurned it from me—I threw it on the ground. The time for forbearance had gone by.

"Sir, do you think to pay for services like mine? Can gold heal an aching heart?" (I heard—I know I heard Dr. Reddiman mutter something about Miss Kilmansegg.) "If you have trifled with my affections, do you suppose that I will accept your paltry hush money?"

"What on earth is the woman driving at?" asked Mr. Fairbrother, looking round with well-feigned astonishment. "Five hundred pounds is a pretty substantial form for gratitude to take, I should think."

Dr. Reddiman looked from one to the other with a cynical smile.

"Plain speaking is always best," he said. "Miss Manners considers, sir, that her services cannot be sufficiently recompensed except by the offer of your hand and—house. The question is whether you take the same view of the matter."

"She isn't such a fool," said Mr. Fairbrother.

"My injuries shall be made known," I cried. "You think you can injure an unprotected female with impunity, but if I can obtain no redress, at least you shall be exposed."

"Ha, ha!"—he actually burst out with a laugh—"so that's been your little game, ma'am, has it? Frank, my boy, by coming to the rescue, you only make me announce a few minutes sooner what I fully intended to tell you to-day. Why, bless your soul and body, Miss Manners, I've been married these five years."

So he had, the old hypocrite, to his cook, and had concealed the fact, lest it should injure the prospects of his beloved ward. Oh! the deceitfulness of mankind.

I left Feltham that evening; I have never seen any of them since. Dr. Reddiman poisoned the mind of Mr. Fairbrother to such an extent that he has declined to keep up my acquaintance. I picked up the check before leaving the house, and have bought an annuity; but what is fifty pounds a year to a lady of my refined tastes and habits? I long to point the finger of public scorn towards those who have ruined my prospects and lacerated my heart, and I do not know where to turn for a guinea. And so it has come to pass that I have offered to sell the sad story of my blighted hopes to the editor.

The Congressional Bath-Room.

In the Washington letter to the Cleveland Leader we find the following: "Some days ago I secured a ticket for the baths, and was shown down into the vaults of the Capitol. In a short space of time I looked like an antique marble, and got into my quarry at once. Lying there splashing and holding my nose, many Roman visions came back to me. To appreciate the real Roman civilization, you must get into a marble bath-tub and repeat a speech of Cicero. While musing of the bliss of serving one's country in summer, and debating as to how a Turkish pipe might soothe this too classical atmosphere, I was surprised to observe upon the ceiling a violent agitation of shadows. The effect was that of a regiment drill of mosquitoes; the shadows swept together, made fantastic images, leaped and shook in a manner that awakened my inquisitiveness. The booths inclosing the bath-rooms reach their partitions only half way to the ceiling, and it was patent to me that somebody on the other side was going through some very extraordinary motions. My belief was that my neighbor had a fit. Compassion, not to say curiosity—far be the latter from me!—incited me to make an observation. Therefore I caught the top of the partition with my hands and curiously peeped over. Conscript Fathers! There was a reverend Senator executing a jig upon the bath-room floor. Lankness and abundant stomach were equally prominent in him. He planted the flat of his foot upon the slabs to the perfect time of an inaudible tune, and looked as much like the dancing faun as the ewe looks like the lamb. The hands that I had seen raised to enunciate the truths of statesmanship were flung aloft to the negro melody of 'Ho diddle down, fiddle rol de diddle!' I beheld one of the most eminent men of my acquaintance thus beguiling the leisures of the State. What a picture for a constituency? What a position for posterity! A resume of those shanks and that abdomen overthrew my reverence for classical costume."

Bulwer.

Grace Greenwood tells, in the Advance, an anecdote of an English novelist whose life often contradicts the noble sentiments of his books:—

When the poet Longfellow was a score of years younger than he is now, and far less famous, he visited London for the first time. Among his letters of introduction to people of distinction was one from a member of the New York press to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who was then at the height of his popularity.

Our young countryman, glowing with all the fervor of true hero-worship, and blushing with all the modesty of true genius, went directly with his conventional "open-sesame" to the town house of the novelist, and chanced to meet that literary exquisite on the steps, just going out for a drive. He then presented his letter, and stood in shy expectancy of a gracious reception. But Bulwer, with a mere glance at the signature, handed it back, saying, haughtily, "Mr. C—— has no such acquaintance with me as warrants his introducing any one to me." Then without even a "good-morning," he walked past his visitor, entered his carriage and drove away. It is comforting to think how amply time has avenged that piece of Olympian snubbing. The author of "Evangeline" is far more popular in England at this day than the author of "Pelham."

LORD BROUGHAM AND THE QUEEN.—The biographers of Lord Brougham have done at least justice to his exertions for that respectable client, Queen Caroline. His devotion to her cause was perhaps a little in excess of his devotion to her person. He did not want her to come over, and he expressed that wish pretty plainly, adding in a letter, "to say nothing of the infernal personal annoyance of having such a devil to plague me for six months." This should be inserted as a foot-note at the end of the famous thirteen-times written peroration.

AVOID GREEN PAPER.—We learn by the Maine Farmer that Mr. Allen Lambard, of Augusta, has lost two valuable calves, and has two others dangerously ill, from the effects of eating or licking some old house paper that was thrown in a corner of their pasture, containing a considerable portion of green color. A medical gentleman who examined the paper said that a square foot of its surface contained poison enough to kill four men.

☞ AN EXPENSIVE TABLE.—The Sultan's silver table is to be one hundred and forty-eight feet long by sixteen feet broad. There is to be a fearfully elaborate centre-piece, two feet six inches high, besides end pieces, triumphal arches, flower pieces, etc. It will cost about $800,000, beside which $400,000 will be expended for linen, glassware and accompanying furniture.

☞ At a party, while a young lady was playing with peculiar brilliancy of touch, a bystander bachelor exclaimed, "I'd give the world for those fingers." "Perhaps you might get the whole hand by asking," said the young lady's observant and manœuvering mamma. The bachelor disappeared—through the door.

☞ After all, man, the lord of the earth, is but a spark of fire, a drop of water, and an atom of charcoal.

☞ The height of impudence—Taking shelter from the rain in an umbrella shop.

☞ Nicknames of grand indies is the latest fashion in Paris. The titles range all the way from "the lily," and "yellow slippers," to "dirty face," and "piggy."

☞ A special correspondent of a Dublin paper, writing of the Prince of Wales' visit to Ireland, says: "I have told you that the disappointment occasioned by the Prince and Princess' late arrival at Kingstown, and the absence of illumination till midnight, was great. I said to the policeman who had charge of the gate-crossing near the station, 'Prince not come yet?' 'No, sir.' 'What's the meaning of his being late?' 'Can't tell, sir; Prince can do as he likes, sir; nobody to report him, sir.'"

☞ Julesburg—one of the mushroom "cities" on the line of the Pacific Railroad—must be a desirable place for invalids. Of the one hundred and fifty deaths occurring during the six months of its existence, but one was by disease.

☞ The man who fell from the deck of a vessel did not see stars, but he did sea weed.

Living by Rule

As a Medo-Persian Law, inflexible, is very unwise, especially if a person is in reasonable health. We have given a great multitude of counsels on the subject of health and disease, and in connection with the statement that we have not lost an hour from our office, on account of sickness in a quarter of a century and more, many have inquired with a good deal of interest, "Do you live up to the rules you give others?" Certainly not; man is not a machine, that must be turned in a certain direction or it will be destroyed; nor like a locomotive which must run on one fixed track, or not run at all. The Architect of all worlds made us for acting under a great variety of circumstances, and in infinite wisdom and benevolence has given to man a mechanism of wonderful adaptability, by which he can live healthfully on land or sea; in the valley or on the mountain top; in the tropics or at the poles; on the barren rocks or in the rich savannas. Our modes of life must be adapted to our age, our occupation and the peculiarities of our constitution. There are certain general principles which are applicable to all. Every man should be regular in his habits of eating; should have all the sound sleep which nature will take; should be in the open air an hour or two every day, when practicable, and should have a pleasurable and an encouragingly remunerative occupation, which keeps him a little pushed, and they are happiest who are in this last category; at the same time, if a man accustoms himself to go to bed at nine o'clock, he need not break his neck, or get into a stew, if circumstances occur to keep him up an hour or two later, now and then; and so with eating, exercise and many other things. No one ought to make himself a galley slave to any observance; occasional deviations from all habits are actually beneficial; they impart a pliability to the constitution, give it a greater range of healthful action. Don't go into a fit, if dinner is not ready at the instant. Deliver us from a machine man, a routinist, "for which we ever pray."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ One day last week a little child fell into a cistern at Rochester, while its mother's attention was temporarily called from it. On missing it the mother commenced searching for it, and in the course of five or six minutes drew from the bottom of the cistern her little one, to all appearances dead. A physician was sent for, and he, after three hours of unremitted labor over the child, had the satisfaction of restoring vitality to the chilled frame. Convulsions followed the restoration of vitality, but they were soon checked, and the child has since fully recovered. The plan pursued was wrapping the body in warm flannels and inflating and compressing the lungs.

☞ It is said that the star lady actors are about to hold a meeting to decide how many times a bouquet will bear to be "thrown over" during the warm weather. They go safely through three evenings, with proper care, in the cold season.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. About 8000 bbls sold at $7,25@8,50 for superfine; $8,50@9,50 for extra; $9,50@11 for Northwest extra family, the latter rate for choice Minnesota; $10@13 for Penna and Ohio family, and $12,50@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour; 200 bbls sold at $9,25@9,50.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce. 800 bus of good to prime old red sold at $2,40@2,50; 1500 bus of new Delaware at $2,4 @2,45; 500 bus of Southern amber at $2,55, and a small lot of Georgia at $2,57 ₩ bus. Rye; 1600 bus of prime Penna sold at $1,80@1,85 ₩ bus. Corn; 28,000 bus of Western mixed sold at $1,15@1.17; 500 bus of prime yellow at $1,17@1,20, and small lots of white at $1,12. Oats; 20,000 bus of Penna sold at 86@88c, and 8000 bus of choice light Penna and Delaware at 90@92c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet. Sales of mess Pork at $29@29,50, and prime at $25. City packed mess Beef is selling at $27,50. Beef Hams sell at $37@40 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 18@21c; excelsior hams at 22c; sides at 17@17½c, and shoulders at 14@14½c ₩ lb. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 16@18c, and salt shoulders at 13c. Lard—Sales of 650 bbls and tcs at 18@18½c ₩ lb, and kegs at 19@19½c ₩ lb. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 18@22c, and roll at 15@20c ₩ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 13@15½c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 26@27c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—About 500 bales of Middlings sold at 32@32½c for Uplands, and 33@34c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of 80 hhds 1st No. 1 Quercitron at $56 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark is quoted at $17@20 ₩ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 46@47c ₩ lb.

FEATHERS—Sales of common and choice western are reported at 60@80c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are selling at 7@10c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 7½@8½c, and halves at 12½@14c ₩ lb. Pared Peaches range at from 10@23c ₩ lb.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 15@50c, and Western at 25@35c ₩ lb.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is rather more doing. Sales of Anthracite at $27@28 for No 1; and 1500 tons of No 2, hard, at $24 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—500 bus Clovereed sold at $7@7,50 for fair to prime Pennsylvania, and $7,50@8 ₩ bus for good to prime Western. Timothy sell at $2,75@3 ₩ bus, according to quality. Flaxseed sells at $2,55 ₩ bus.

TALLOW—Large sales are making at 12c for City rendered, and 11½@11¾c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—There has been a fair business doing. 400,000 lbs sold at 50@52c for double extra; 48@50c for extra; 45@47c for fine; 42@45 for medium; 40@42c for coarse; 50@51c for tub; and 40@45c ₩ lb for pulled.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 9½@10¼ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 4@5½ cts ₩ lb. 2036 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 14,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

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my18-eowly

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Sea-shore Ball-Room Alphabet.

A—was an Angel of sweet seventeen;
B—was the Ball-room in which she was seen.
C—was the Chaperone devoted to cards,
D—was the Deux Temps with Doyle of the Guards.
E—was her Eye, of fine rolling black,
F—was the Fan that Doyle would not give back.
G—was her Glove, of exquisite kid,
H—was the Hand it so spitefully hid.
I—was the Ice the fair angel demanded,
J—was the Juvenile rushing to hand it.
K—was her Kerchief, of exquisite art,
L—was the Lace that formed the chief part.
M—was old Maid that sat through the dances,
N—was the Nose she turned up at sly glances.
O—was the Olga-waltz, then in its prime,
P—was the Partner who could *not* keep time.
Q—the Quadrilles that should have been Lancers,
R—the Remarks that were made on the dancers.
S—was the Supper they went to in pairs,
T—was the Twaddle they talked on the stairs.
U—was the Uncle who said, "Let's be going,"
V—was the Voice the fair angel said "No" in.
W—was the Waiter who stayed very late,
X—was his Exit which wasn't quite straight.
Y—was the Yawn which comes after the ball,
Z—stands for Zero—nothing at all.

Forgot his Name.

A conceited fellow by the name of Head, in making New Year's calls in a certain city, made the acquaintance of a young lady upon whom he flattered himself he had effected a very decided impression. He felt that he was irresistible to the sex, anyhow, but in this particular instance he was confident that he had accomplished a complete conquest. Not to be too cruel to the damsel whom he imagined to be languishing over his absence, he called upon her again after the new year was a week or so old. That he might feast upon the surprise and joy she would evince on discovering who her caller was, he refrained from giving his name to the servant who answered his ring, but instructed her to tell Miss —— that a very particular friend desired an interview. He was ushered into the parlor, and after a brief delay the young lady whom he supposed to be rapidly approaching dissolution on his account, entered.

She paused on the threshold and looked embarrassed. He expected that, but contrary to his expectations, no blush of emotion or gleam of recognition, even, lighted her countenance.

"Don't you remember me?" said he, putting on the smile which he had imagined had melted her young and susceptible heart upon their first meeting. "You know I called here last New Year's with a party in a four-horse sleigh?"

"Oh, yes," said the young lady, who didn't appear in the least crushed by the recollection, "I remember. Your face did look familiar, but your name—"

"Don't you remember my name?" inquired the heart-pulverizer, with an air of deep chagrin.

"I have almost got it," said the lady, with a puzzled smile. "It isn't Brown?"

"No, indeed. But really, madam, this is not very flattering to me, your forgetting my name. I imagined that I had made a decided impression."

"So you did, so you did," the lady hastened to say. "Strange that your name should have escaped me, though. I was thinking of it just before you rang. Don't tell me what it is. I shall think of it in a minute. Really, this is quite mortifying; what has become of my memory?" and she trotted her pretty little foot impatiently on the carpet.

"But let me give you a hint," said Mr. Head, whose mortification was rapidly increasing.

"Well, just a little hint. I should think of your name in a minute anyhow—just the least hint in the world will do."

"Now, then, what do I carry on my shoulders?" queried Head.

A moment's puzzled reflection, then her face brightening up, she advances toward him with outstretched hand, and cordially exclaims—

"*Why, Mr. Squash, how do you do?*"

An Irish Verdict.

There was a man before an Irish jury on his trial for murder. It was a bull of a trial; for the defence produced in court, alive and well the man who was said to have been killed. But the trial went on, and the jury went out; and not to be daunted by any such little fact as the presence alive of the man who should have been dead, they brought the prisoner in guilty.

"How's this?" says the judge; "there has been no murder; the man is alive in court."

"Well, your honor," said the foreman, "the jury is convinced that the prisoner did not murder this man, but he is a dangerous person. I am sure he killed my gray mare—and we believe that hanging him is necessary for the peace of the country."

The Reasons.

"Why is it, John," asked a lady teacher of one of her primary class in botany, "that the flower of a daisy is always on the top of a stalk looking up?"

"I can't tell," was the decisive answer.

"Next," said the teacher.

"I don't know," replied the second.

"I guess I've got it," said an urchin at the foot of the class.

"Well, what do you say, Ralph?"

"I think," said the boy, looking down upon the floor, "it's for the same reason that the school-marm's waterfall is always on the top of a stalk, looking up; '*cause it's the fashion!*"

A Snake Story.—Old Deacon Sharp never told a lie, but he used to relate this: He was standing one day beside a frog pond—we have his word for it—and saw a large garter snake make an attempt upon an enormous bull frog. The snake seized one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another until nothing was left of them.

EVIDENT.

Emma.—"Well, aunty, how do you think the seaside agrees with me?"
Aunty.—"Lor', my love, it's made quite a man of you!"

RED CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

Dear little children, wandering down the paths,
When all the meadow lands are bright with these,
Fill both their hands with the red clover blooms,
Finding a deeper sweetness than do bees.

And I? I pass the fair June roses by
Unwatched; let the tri-colored violets grow;
But with fast-throbbing heart, I linger long
Where, through the grass, the clover blossoms glow.

I used to pluck them, too, in other days;
But, ah, not now—never on earth again!
Grow, little globes of brightness, unafraid,
Breathing your fragrant lives out in the glen.

I would not dare to touch you, lest my hands
Should stain the whiteness of a thought that comes
So near to me, so very near and dear,
And smiles forever from your purple blooms!

I know not if in wilfulness, or love
Of something hid in you, she placed you there,
I can remember only that she wore
A fragrant clover blossom in her hair.

Feminine Affectation.

There is a certain kind of affectation very common among pretty women: and this is the affectation of not knowing that they are pretty, and not recognizing the effect of their beauty on men. Take a woman with bewildering eyes, say, of a maddening size and shape, and fringed with long lashes that distract you to look at; the creature knows that her eyes are bewildering, as well as she knows that fire burns and that ice melts; she knows the effect of that trick she has with them,—the sudden uplifting of the heavy lid, and the swift, full gaze that she gives right into a man's eyes. She has practised it often in the glass, and knows to a mathematical nicety the exact height to which the lid must be raised, and the exact fixity of the gaze. She knows the whole meaning of the look, and the stirring of men's blood that it creates; but if you speak to her of the affect of her trick, she puts on an air of extremest innocence, and protests her entire ignorance as to anything her eyes may say or mean; and if you press her hard she will look at you in the same way for your own benefit, and deny at the very moment of offence. Various other tricks has she with those bewildering eyes of hers—each more perilous than the other to men's peace; and all unsparingly employed, no matter what the result. For this is the woman who flirts to the extreme limits, then suddenly draws up and says she meant nothing. Step by step she has led you on, with looks and smiles, and pretty doubtful phrases always susceptible of two meanings, the one for the ear by mere word, the other for the heart by the accompaniments of look and manner, which are intangible. Step by step she has drawn you deeper and deeper into the maze, where she has gone before as your decoy: then, when she has you safe, she raises her eyes for the last time, complains that you have mistaken her cruelly, and that she has meant nothing more than any one else might mean; and what can she do to repair her mistake? Love you? marry you? No; she is engaged to your rival, who counts his thousands to your hundreds; and what a pity that you had not seen this all along, and that you should have so misunderstood her! Besides, what is there about her that you or anybody should love?

Of all the many affectations of women, this affectation of their own harmlessness, when beautiful, and of their innocence of design when they practice their arts for the discomfiture of men, is the most dangerous and the most disastrous. But what can one say to them? The very fact that they are dangerous disarms a man's anger and blinds his perception until too late. That men love though they suffer, is the woman's triumph, guilt, and condonation; and so long as the trick succeeds it will be practised. Another affectation of the same family is the extreme friendliness and familiarity which some women adopt in their manners towards men. Young girls affect an almost maternal tone to boys of their own age, or a year or so older; and they, too, when their wiser elders remonstrate, declare they mean nothing, and how hard it is that they may not be natural. This form of affectation, once begun, continues through life, being too convenient to be lightly discarded; and youthful matrons not long out of their teens assume a tone and ways that would about befit middle age counselling giddy youth, and that might by chance be dangerous even then if the "Indian summer" was specially bright and warm.

Strange Freaks of Lightning.

Lightning, like light, furnishes another wonderful succession of marvels. How delicate, how subtle! It performs its work sometimes with scarcely a touch. It is a most extravagant idea to compare the causes of thunder and the effects of lightning to the noise and effects of cannon and cannon-ball; we are face to face with an essentially superior force. It might be said that it constitutes a transition between this one and a better one; in fact, it is really subject to transcendental laws which our weak intelligence cannot grasp.

Bodies have been killed repeatedly by lightning, and they have not given the slightest trace of any wound or scar, no slight touch of a burn or a contusion, no hint of the way by which the bird sprang from its confinement. Delicate and most subtle, we have said, has often been its work. Think of it melting a bracelet from a lady's wrist, yet leaving the wrist untouched; think of it melting instantly a pair of crystal goblets suddenly, without breaking them. Arago tells how the lightning one day visited the shop of a Sunbian cobbler, *did not touch the artizan, but magnetized all his tools.* One can well imagine the immense dismay of the poor fellow; his hammer, pincers and awl attracted the needles, pins and tacks and nails, and caused them to adhere firmly to the tools. The amazed shoemaker thought that everything in the shop was suddenly bedevilled, or else that he was dreaming.

And there are several well-authenticated cases like this, showing that iron can be rendered magnetic by the electric current. We read of a merchant of Wakefield, who had placed in a corner of his room a box of knives and forks, and iron tools, destined to be sent to the colonies; in came the lightning, struck open the box, spread all the articles on the floor, and it was found, when they were picked up, that every one had acquired new properties—they had all been affected by the subtle touch of the current. Some remained intact, others were melted, but they had all been rendered more or less magnetic, so that there was not a single nail in the box but might have served the purpose of a mariner's compass.

SOMETHING LEFT.

"Gone, gone, the freshness of my youthful prime;
Gone my illusions, tender or sublime;
Gone is the thought that wealth is worth its cost,
Or aught I hold so good as what I've lost;
Gone are the beauty and the nameless grace
That once I worshipped in dear Nature's face;
Gone is the mighty music that of yore
Swept through the woods or rolled upon the shore;
Gone the desire of glory in men's breath,
To waft my name beyond the deeps of death;
Gone is the hope that in the darkest day
Saw bright To-morrow with empurpling ray;
Gone, gone—all gone, on which my heart was cast;
Gone, gone for ever, to the awful Past;
All gone—but Love!"
Oh, coward to repine!
Thou hast all else, if Love indeed be thine!

Simple Rule for Preserving Furs.

Ladies are often anxious about keeping furs free from moths during the summer months. Some one advertises to send the requisite information for one dollar.

Darkness is all that is necessary. The "miller," the eggs from which moths are hatched, only moves in light; the moths themselves work in darkness. Hang the furs in a very dark closet and keep the doors shut; keep it always dark, and you can have no trouble. But, as closet doors are sometimes left open, the better way is to enclose the articles loosely in a paper, put this in a pillow-case, or wrap around a cloth, and hang it up in a dark closet. Camphors, spices or perfumes are of no use. Continual darkness is sufficient. And do not take out the furs in June or July to give them an "airing," for even then cometh the enemy, and it may be that, in fifteen minutes after exposure, it has deposited a hundred eggs. If you consider an airing indispensable, give the furs a good switching, and put them quickly back.

☞ A boy in England was blown by the wind across a railroad track just in time to be run over and killed.

☞ Cast no dirt into the well that has given you water when you were thirsty.

AGRICULTURAL.

A Word to the Boys.

It is now haying time, a season of the year when all hands must be lively. You will be called upon to drive the horses for the mowing machine and rake. Don't be too rash with them. Let everything move along steadily and smoothly. No machinery can go by jerks without being destroyed. Be up early in the morning so as to work as much as possible in the cool of the day, and go to bed as early as possible and secure all the sleep you can. If you are learning to use a hand scythe don't whet it over your shoulder but under it. A slip of the snath may spoil your shoulder. Take good care of the hand rakes and forks. Learn to stow a load of hay well, so it shall look in good shape and ride over rough ground without being thrown off with you beneath it. Learn to do your light work nimbly, your heavy work slowly. Whatever you have to do, try and do it as well as anybody else, if you cannot do as much. Rapidity of motion is secured by first carefully watching the motion of things. Keep an eye on the garden and pull up the weeds and give them to the pigs. It promotes their health and growth. Lastly, remember that you are now laying the foundations for a solid manhood. A boy that works well through haying will be likely to thrive anywhere.—*Maine Farmer.*

Pumpkins Amongst Corn.

Almost all "old fashioned" farmers" take off a crop of pumpkins from their corn fields, much to the annoyance of the theorist who demonstrates to his entire satisfaction that the one crop must detract from the full force of the other. But the most careful experiments show no loss to the corn. The same weight results from an acre, with or without the pumpkins. It does at first thought seem as if it ought not to be so. If it take just so many bushels of corn to fatten a hog, it is not clear how we are to fatten two from the one quantity. This is the argument of the theorizer. But the facts are as we have stated; and the reason probably is, that the pumpkins and corn feed on entirely different foods in the soil, so that the one can go on without the other.

What Become of the Bumblebees?—In reply to this question, C. V. Riley, the state entomologist of Missouri, says through the Country Gentleman, that "they all die off on approach of winter, except a few females who quit their nests and hibernate in any sheltered place they can find. These scattering females are the Methusclahs, so to speak, of their race, and with wonderful single exertion dig the holes in which they lay the foundation for a new colony, by forming their oval, unevenly built cells, and depositing eggs, which produce workers. These soon develope sufficiently to help her, and carry out her plans after she is dead."

To Horsemen.—A correspondent of the Scientific American gives this advice to horsemen: Whenever they notice their horse directing his ears to any point whatever, or indicating the slightest disposition to become afraid, let them, instead of pulling the rein to bring the horse towards the object causing its nervousness, pull it on the other side. This will instantly divert the attention of the horse from the object which is exciting his suspicion, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the horse will pay no more attention to the object, from which he will fly away if forcibly driven to it by pulling the wrong rein.

Pork and Beans.—The cheapest and most nutritious vegetable used for food is beans. Prof. Liebig says that pork and beans form a compound of substances peculiarly adapted to furnish all that is necessary to support life. A quart of beans costs say 15 cents; half a pound of pork, 10 cents. This, as every housekeeper knows, will keep a small family for a day with good strengthening food. Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef, boiled to rags, in 50 quarts of water, will furnish a good meal to 40 men at a cost of $1—two cents and a half a meal.

Old Ewes.—In reply to questions by a correspondent of the Prairie Farmer, "Wool Grower" says: Breeding ewes will fatten well at even eight years of age—*if their teeth are yet good.* Merinos fatten all the better for being at least four years old. Much the best plan in fattening breeding ewes is to let them go unbred. Merino sheep have to be fattened in the summer and fall, then grained strongly through the winter to make them keep what they have. Quite old and broken-mouthed ewes can be fattened only on good grass and corn meal.

RECEIPTS.

Strawberry or Blackberry Acid.—Stem, wash, and pick, twelve pounds of fruit, and put in dishes, and sprinkle over them five ounces of tartaric acid, and pour over them two quarts of water. Let it stand thus for forty-eight hours, and strain it without bruising the fruit, and to every pint of juice add from one to one and a quarter pounds of powdered white sugar. Stir till dissolved, and leave it uncovered for a few days. Then bottle, and if inclined to ferment, leave the corks out for a few days.

Cauliflowers.—Soak the head two hours in salt water, and cook until tender in milk and water; drain, and serve whole with drawn butter; this makes the best appearance, but it will be found to suit the taste better cut up and seasoned richly with butter and a little salt and pepper. In either case it must be well drained.

Bun Fritters.—Dip stale sliced buns in milk, with 2 or 3 eggs beaten well, and stirred in till completely saturated; then fry them a light brown, and dip them immediately in powdered cinnamon and sugar. Serve hot.

Ice Cream without Cream.—Take new milk, scald half of it, and thicken it with flour; let it boil until all the raw taste of the flour disappears, and the whole is smooth and as thick as the thickest cream; stir it while hot in the other part of the milk, little by little; flavor with lemon and vanilla, half and half; sweeten very sweet, and strain the whole through a sieve. The milk should be boiled over water for fear of scorching, and the flour thoroughly cooked in it, or it will be very poor. If this is made properly, it will be taken for rich cream; it freezes very smoothly.

Baked Custard.—Whites and yolks of 6 eggs, 4 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 pint milk, salt; beat this light, then bake. Eat with sauce.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 2, 12, 14, 4, was an emperor of Rome.
My 22, 27, 18, 22, 3, 7, 5, is a poem by Sir Walter Scott.
My 15, 9, 20, 26, 3, 27, is a kingdom of Europe.
My 21, 13, 10, 14, 8, 19, 11, 25, 27, and 6, 28, 26, 11, 27, are two celebrated yachts.
My 23, 7, 24, 15, 29, 6, 3, 27, is a town in Liberia.
My 30, 21, 3, 7, and 22, 3, 20, 23, 4, 9, 18, 3, are two of the United States.
My 26, 23, 22, 3, 30, 7, 28, 16, are a tribe of Indians.
My 17, 30, 14, 22, 4, 20, 27, is an island in the Pacific ocean.
My 22, 27, 18, 11, 3, 14, 8, 9, 25, 21, 18, 18, was a Christian reformer.
My 27, 11, 21, 12, 10, 20, is a city in Greece.
My 17, 28, 7, 1, 15, is an article used in every household.
My 11, 16, 27, is a product of China.
My whole is an institution long to be remembered by the soldiers.

J. P. CHESEBRO.

Rebus.

A southern prison.
A town in Delaware.
A town in New York.
A river in France.
A city in Africa.
A country in Europe.
A city in Ireland.
A river in Asia.
A city in South America.
One of the states.
A town in Oregon.
A river in Texas.
One of the grand divisions.
A river in Illinois.
A lake in Minnesota.

My initials form the name of a celebrated actress.

AMANDA PENROSE.

Cambridge, O.

Problem.

If a man owe $2,000, what sum shall he pay daily so as to cancel the debt, principal and interest, at the end of the year, reckoning interest at 6 per cent.?

W. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Trigonometric Problem.

If I start from Philadelphia, latitude North 39° 55', and travel South 100 miles, thence West 100 miles, thence North 100 miles, thence East 100 miles, how far will I be from the place of beginning?

JOSEPH S. PREBUS.

Nebraska City, Nebraska.

Conundrums.

☞ "I say, Sam, if I tells you a lie, why is dat like my ole arm-chair?" "I doesn't see de resemblance, Pete." "Well, look yere; 'cos it's *de seat* dat I use."

☞ What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? Ans.—One longs to eat and the other eats too long.

☞ What word in English is both sour and sweet? Ans.—Tart.

☞ When may a loaf of bread be said to be inhabited? Ans.—When it has a little Indian in it.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Daniel Webster, Marshfield, Mass. ENIGMA FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS—Manuerly. ENIGMA—"There is nothing lost by courtesy."

Green Corn Cakes.—Grate the corn: make a rich batter with cream, or according to directions given for batter cakes. Use just enough of the batter to hold the corn together, and lay the cakes on the griddle, as you would a common griddle-cake; serve with butter.

Milk Lemonade.—Dissolve three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar in one pint of boiling water, and mix with one gill of lemon juice, and one gill of sherry; then add three gills of cold milk. Stir the whole well together, and strain it.

Cornucopias.—Mix in a basin one-quarter of a pound of fine white sifted sugar and two ounces of flour; break two perfectly fresh eggs into this, and beat it well. Rub a little white wax on your baking sheet, take about a desert-spoonful of the mixture and spread it in a round on your tin. Bake these three minutes, take each off with a knife, and, as you do so, carefully roll each, at the oven's mouth, into a jelly bag or cornucopia shape. Dry them a little before the fire after they are rolled, fill them with pink or white whipped cream, and send them to table on a nicely-folded napkin. They will keep for some little time, if placed in a tin box in a dry place, without the cream, which must be put in fresh when they are to be served up.

If you are troubled to get soft water for washing, fill a tub or barrel half full of wood-ashes, and fill it up with water, so that you may have lye whenever you want it; a gallon of strong lye, put into a kettle of hard water, will make it as soft as rain-water; some people use pearlash, or potash, but this cost something, and is very apt to injure the texture of the cloth.

Breakfast Cake, No. 1.—One pint of milk, three eggs, half cup melted butter; stir in flour sufficient to make a thin batter. Bake in cups. This will rise a great deal, and the cups should be less than half full when put into the oven.

☞ A farmer living a few miles from Yolo (Cal.) recently had occasion to visit San Francisco. On his departure he left his ranch in charge of his wife, who generally looks after the interests of her husband during his absence. Shortly after being left alone she learned that some parties were making preparations to "jump" an adjoining quarter-section of land claimed by her husband, but which had not been improved as the law directs pre-emptors to do in order to hold their estate. The energetic woman rose early in the morning, hauled lumber the distance of one mile, built a house on the disputed territory, moved her furniture into the new house and took up her abode in it, (all in one day,) and held the claim in triumph until the return of her unsuspecting partner.

☞ "That man who pays more for his rent than for his advertising does not know his business." This maxim of an experienced and successful merchant is incontrovertible. It matters less to have a fine store than that everybody should know where it is and what is in it.